ST 12, 1869.

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KID GLOVES.

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The Independent.

PEACE.

BY MARK LEMMERT JAMES.

Peace, weary heart! The way's not long before thee;
Lay down thy burden, say to Sorrow's Cause,
See yon soft heaven bend serenely o'er thee,
God's blue bright border to His spheres of peace.

Peace, aching heart! The hasty word may fret thee,
The cruel word may coldly probe and pierce;
The One who suffered more will never leave thee,
He pours His peace upon the fever fierce.

Peace, troubled heart! Though marred thy best behavior,
To thy deep longing, thine aspiring cry,
Listens thy High-born Kinsman, still thy Saviour,
Healeth thy life-hurt, wipes thy tears dry.

Peace, lonely heart! Be patient. Thou'lt see walling
How perfect sympathy and love may meet.
Be patient, waiting; all life's discord-grating
Will melt at last in love divine, complete.

Peace, doubting heart! O, coward, weakly shrinking
Back from the chrism, saints and martyrs' meed,
The chrism of suffering. Earthward, poor souls, sinking,
Learn toward the heavenly joy, through human need.

Peace, fearful heart! See yon strong ships all sailing
Through sun and storm, on to the solemn sea;
Through summer calms, through wintry tempests quailing,
Thus sailest thou, on toward Infinity.

Peace, asking heart! Beyond these chilling breezes,
Mid isles of Paradise, in airs of balm,
Where cruel wind or word ne'er wounds or freezes,
Thou'lt gain at last the everlasting calm.

Peace, human heart! Go out beneath the ether;
Rest in the marvelous sunshine of the sky;
Watch the bees sail and sing in sunny leisure,
List the waves laughing as they loiter by.

Peace, human heart! If minor notes of sadness
Tremble through Nature's voices, every sigh
Quickens the anthem of her mightier gladness,
Foretells fruition perfect by and by.

Peace, human heart! Life's ever mocking seeming,
Life's weary dearth, life's aching sense of loss,
Are fitful phantoms of its transient dreaming,
While Faith stands steadfast, gazing on the cross.

POLLY'S RED HEIFER.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

The old red school-house where Polly Fraser tended a nursery of young ideas remarkably backward and slow in sprouting stood under a bare, grassless hill, which looked as if the constant irritation it had suffered from the seats of boys' trowsers had worn the nap off its surface. There was neither shrub nor tree very near; although some green pastures did stretch away on one side, and the school-house was both sheltered and smothered by the little, bleak hill.

The public money of the district of Hardhack was barely sufficient to afford instruction to the handful of freckled-faced country children that assembled regularly every opening day, armed with tattered primers and dog's-eared spelling books, twelve weeks of the half-yearly term. Polly Fraser had held absolute sway in the red school-house under the hill every term for three years; and might have ruled there a dozen years longer, if Nature had not made her altogether too winsome a creature to dry up and wither away in the service of the public.

A pleasant flutter of expectancy, not undashed with apprehension, filled Polly's mind on a certain Friday afternoon with which my story has to do. It was as fair a June day as the Lord often bestows upon this dim world; with June breezes blowing as if they had no pleasure in life but to blow, and the lazy cattle standing in shallow pools, churning their great mouths, and young leaves dancing and shimmering, and birds singing, and the roadside briers breaking into a snow of white blossoms.

The blue weather and bird-music crept in through all the leaks of the old school-house, and set the drone that filled it to a kind of tune, and lit the rubbish under the seats, and the battered desks, hacked by a score of jack-knives and stained with the ink-spots of some twenty generations of Hardhack urchins. Certainly there was no intellectual pressure there that bright Friday afternoon. A sense of the near holiday ran riot in the boys' brains; and the little calico-clad girls, smelling of mint and bread and butter, as a general thing were smacking the succulent leaves of the liver-wort, or making old women with caps out of mallow-blows, snuggled in at recess under their aprons.

At one end was a row of fusty little caps, gingham sun-bonnets, and tin dinner-pails hanging on pegs; and, beyond these, and the old box-stove, with its length of rusty pipe, which held place there summer and winter, Polly, the school-mistress, was throned. Her desk faced the pleasantest window, and was brightened by a bunch of early June roses and grass pinks that some bashful little girl had brought the "school-ma'am" from her mother's door-yard.

Polly's strong point was government. She could be very terrible, in spite of her soft, rosy face, as the most hard-bitted of her small tribe well knew. A thoroughly easoned ferule, a bundle of switches were within easy reach; but on this particular afternoon she relaxed discipline a little, and winked at misdemeanors not so gross as to require the extreme penalties of the law. The truth is, Polly was not quite a flirt. And yet she was expecting two young men over from Hornersville that very afternoon to take her back to her father's house; and the thought occurred to her more than once that, if they should drive up together, it would put her in a predicament. She was straining her ears to catch the sound of buggy-wheels through the drawling of an "a-b ab" class, when a little girl, with hair braided so tightly behind it gave her eyes the appearance of popping out of her head, approached the desk.

"Pleash, Mith Frather, lemme get a drinkth."

"You don't need a drink, Suspense Mayhew. Go back to your seat."

"O, Mith Frather! I'm tho dry!"

"Lemme go and get a drink, too," bawled out a big boy at the other end of the room.

"Suspense Mayhew ain't no dryer than I be."

"Be quiet, there, Benjamin Hardy, or I will give you a taste of birch." Ben well knew what a taste of birch meant. Two boys' heads were crowded together behind the raised lid of a desk; and, whatever Polly's state of mind might be, she could not refuse to take note of the situation. Stealing up softly behind them, she made a captive of the smaller lad—an undersized, knurly urchin, somewhat resembling what is popularly known as a nubbing of corn, with a baggy appendage in the rear of his tow trowsers, stiff, bristly hair rising from the crown of his head, and a perpetual bead at the end of his red nose.

"What are you doing, Trueman Hunt?"

"I ain't doing nothing," whined the lad, letting his desk-cover fall with a crash, "only studying my abominations" (probably abbreviations). "And Shin Lansing, he poked at me, he did."

"I didn't, mister," said Shin, a sheep-faced boy, who by this time had shoved off to his own seat, and was making believe study with all his might.

"Hand over your slate, sir," cried Polly, her ire rising, "and stop telling lies."

The slate was produced with a great show of reluctance; and the moment Polly's eyes lit on it her face became crimson with indignation. There was a schoolboy's drawing, supposed to represent a man and woman, with preternatural noses, in the position known as locked arms; and under them respectively was written, with great crookedness and total disregard of capitals: "Miss polly fraser and Mr. job miller."

"How dare you make this?" cried Polly, lifting her energetic little hand to give the dodging urchin a stinging cuff.

"I didn't!" screamed Trueman. "Slim told me to."

"That's an awful whopper," drawled out Slim. "I told him he'd better not; 'cause I knew you'd be mad. Sister Sally allus flares up when we hector her about her beau."

The cuff descended on Slim's head, Trueman Hunt was jerked out of his seat, and Ben Hardy stopped throwing spit-balls at the opposite wall, and the little ones on the front row stopped playing slap-tag, to see True "catch it." But just at that instant there came a tap at the door, and Trueman Hunt was landed over on the girls' side, between Suspense Mayhew and Ruth Graw, and told to sit there till school closed. When Polly went to admit her visitor—the veritable Job Miller himself—marks of the flurry and excitement of the scene were still visible on her countenance. A sound only to be described by the word "snicker" ran along the room, which caused the school-mistress much inward wrath, although she could not openly rebuke it. Job Miller blushed up to the roots of his hay-colored hair, and placed his hat under a bench as carefully as if that piece of head-gear had been filled with eggs.

He was a tall, manly young fellow, with honest blue eyes, and a mouth which indicated what country-folks call "grit." To be sure, he looked a little sheepish at the moment, wiping his red face on a large-flowered cotton handkerchief; and there was not much store-polish about him.

Polly regretted this latter fact in her secret heart, for she loved spruceness of the outer man; and the young parson of Hornersville, the Rev. Frederick Stebbins, certainly had a sleeker exterior and a softer, finer way of speaking than Job Miller had, not to mention a certain pale student-cut, which is always interesting to the girls. He was preaching with acceptance to the old gray heads of Hornersville, and sometimes Polly thought it would be a fine thing to become the parson's wife; and she knew pretty well she could become so by raising her little finger. That very afternoon she had expected the Rev. Frederick over to the red school-house; and she was half glad and half sorry that he had not come.

There was no doubt about the lay of the land as far as Job Miller was concerned. He had been in love with Polly Fraser almost ever since he could remember; and there was no danger of his looking at another girl so long as Polly remained in the market. So the pretty little school-mistress stood balancing these two men, as girls will. Job was taller and brawnier than the parson. He looked as if he could take care of a woman, and would do it faithfully; while, on the other hand, the Rev. Frederick, with his white hands and thin chest, looked as if he might need a great deal of care himself. Job knew almost all there was to know about cattle-raising and farming; but, of course, the parson could beat him all hollow on Greek, and Latin, and theology. Polly realized that it would hurt Job terribly if she should marry the parson; and she did not like to have the big fellow hurt—it was almost like hurting herself. She was not quite so sure how the Rev. Frederick would feel if she should conclude to take Job.

School was dismissed a little irregularly that Friday afternoon, and the children went off from the battered door-step with whoops of exultation. The sun was still two hours or more high when Polly got into Job's open, long-bodied wagon, with a comfortable buffalo over the spring-seat, and tucked her skirts about her trim little ankles. She felt very nice and cosy in Job's wagon; but it certainly was not as scrumptious as the Rev. Frederick's top-buggy, and Polly was half vexed that the parson had not come over to take her back to Hornersville in style—although, in that case, she would have been somewhat puzzled to know what to do with Job.

Now, Job Miller had had it in mind all the week, as he went about his work, to ask Polly Fraser to marry him, on the ride from the Hardhack school-house, this Friday afternoon. It looked to him like a particularly tough job. If there had been any question of clearing a ten-acre wood-lot and pulling out the stumps, the young farmer would have known how to go to work right end first. But this was a different sort of business. He knew that Polly was well aware of his state of mind; but words did not come to him easily. The young parson had the advantage in what he called "the gift of gab"; and Job was absurdly sore and jealous on that point.

So the young fellow let the lines hang laxly over the back of his mouse-colored mare, Suke, and went switching the white-weed along the sides of the road, trying to screw up his courage. But far different was Polly's state of mind. She was as much at her ease as a butterfly on a rose-bud, with intense enjoyment of the billowy fields of grass, and the young corn, beginning to glisten like vivid green plumes above the brown earth, that looked as soft to the touch as a baby's cheek.

"When did you see Mr. Stebbins last?" Polly inquired, in the most natural manner possible.

"Not more than two hours back," said Job, pulling himself up out of a little revery. "He was turning into the cross-road there, toward Judge Isham's," pointing with his whip in the direction of a bowery white house and a stretch of clean picket-fence, some half-mile away. "Fanny Isham is a plaguey good-looking girl," he added, maliciously; "and I shouldn't be surprised if the parson was shining round there. Should you, Polly?"

"I don't know, and don't care," answered Polly, rather snappishly.

Job did not think it necessary to add that he had refused to let the Rev. Frederick run by him on the Hardhack road, putting his old mouse-colored mare to her best paces and kicking up an awful dust; until the young minister, seeing the game was lost, drew off on a side issue.

"I don't s'pose you do care," he replied, penitently. "I'm sure, Polly, I should be awfully cut up if I thought you did."

Here was an opening; and Job meant to jump into it, boots and all.

At that moment a top-buggy and sorrel horse were seen advancing at a round trot along the almost treeless stretch of highway that ran between stone fences and level fields from Judge Isham's-house to the main road. Job had just cleared his throat the third time, when Polly cried out:

"Why, there is Mr. Stebbins now, as I live! Don't drive so fast, Job. I want to speak to him. What a nice top-buggy he has got, to be sure. It's the easiest riding thing there is in Hornersville."

Job did not check Old Suke very perceptibly; but in a minute or two the Rev. Frederick's vehicle was bowling alongside. Polly wreathed her rosy face with smiles, and nodded and chirped very sweetly.

"You haven't been to visit my school yet, as you promised to," said she, leaning as far as she well could out of the wagon.

"No," said the Rev. Frederick, looking down and fidgeting with his lines.

"Well, do come over to-morrow night to tea. Mother will be so glad to see you."

The young parson promised with alacrity that he would, and then Job let him take the lead. He didn't care, now, how much clerical dust Polly swallowed going home. He was out of humor, and he showed it. But it made no difference to Polly. If Job chose to be sulky and disagreeable because she looked at another young man, she could not help it. So, when they drove up in front of the farm-house, on the edge of Hornersville, which Polly called home, Job had just made up his mind that he was the biggest fool in Sparks County.

There, by the shed-door, stood Polly's father—a brown, lean farmer, with the lines in his face looking as if they had been graved on *lignum vitæ;* but shrewd and kindly-eyed for all. Polly jumped out into his arms, and then she ran to kiss her mother. The big boys came in from their hoeing.

"Hullo, Pol! Is that you?" they cried. There were no embraces; but the gray farm-house was gladder and cheerier that Polly was at home, for she was loveable, from the cambric ruffle at her throat down to the tip of her little buskin.

Job could not resist good Mrs. Fraser's invitation to walk in. So he sat on the edge of a chair, holding his hat between his knees, and thinking he would like to get away, if he only knew how.

"What's the news, father?" inquired Polly, now untying her bonnet-strings before the glass.

"Nothing special," replied the farmer, tilted back in his chair against the side of the house; "only your red heifer, Beauty, has acted like all possessed lately. I don't know what's got into the tarnal critter. We have been obleeged to hopple her, head and foot; and yesterday, in spite of everything, she broke into the Granger place, and like to have spiled a field of oats. As for milking her, there's no such thing. She kicks the pail over every time."

"Law!" said Polly. "I can milk her as slick as a whistle. She never gave me even the flirt of her tail."

"Wal, do hurry up and get married, Polly. The red heifer is to go to you on your wedding-day; and I want to get rid of the pesky beast."

"I guess Job would know how to break her in," said Spencer, the eldest boy, with a sly wink. "He's pretty well used to unruly cattle."

"I tell you now, Job, there's lots of human nature in her," put in the farmer, with a dry twist of the mouth. "She's jest like the rest of her seck—self-willed, and bound to have her own way. You see I know all about it; for my wife has had me under the harrar thirty years."

"How you talk, husband!" cried honest Mrs. Fraser. "You'd lead folks to suppose that I had misused you, if they didn't know what a dreadful joker you be."

"Don't mind her," said Mr. Fraser, laughing. "Do you think, Job, you'd make much headway managing the women folks?"

"No," returned Job, stealing a bashful glance at Polly. "I guess I should let them have full swing in the house."

"I don't believe that would be the young parson's way," replied the father, giving another screw to his mouth; "for you know Scriptur says: 'Wives, obey your husbands.'"

"What do you think of that, hey, Polly?" broke in Frank, the young brother, who was particularly odious in his teasing.

"I guess I shouldn't obey, if I hadn't a mind to," answered Polly, with a saucy little toss of the head. When Job drove off, Polly was standing in the door-yard, waist-deep in some tall yellow lilies; and Mrs. Fraser, in the doorway behind her, was calling out to Job to be sure and come over next evening to tea.

The next day, being Saturday, and bright and beautiful withal, was a busy time for Polly. She had to pay her morning visit to Beauty, who was as meek under her hands as a lamb; and then there was cottage cheese to make, and pies, and raisin-cake—for Polly understood all the arts and mysteries of housewifery. People had settled it that she would make an excellent minister's wife, because she was such a good manager and so economical. But Polly did not altogether relish the idea of being economical. She liked a full barrel and bin to go to, and in her heart she thought Job would always be able to provide them; while ministers' larders, she knew, are apt to be lean. I am afraid Polly had not much of the martyr spirit.

When Job walked into the front gate that afternoon he saw the best room windows set open; and, through the blooming morning glories, got a glimpse of Polly and the young parson, looking as cosy as turtle doves. The young men greeted each other rather distantly; and conversation would have flagged if it had not been for Polly's spirits, which were always high. When supper was over, Polly took her milk-pail, and said that she must go and milk Beauty, as nobody else could get near her; so the two young men followed her tripping figure out to the farm-yard. Beauty was a glorious creature, with a coat like satin, a shapely head, and large, intelligent eyes.

"Do you know how to milk?" inquired Polly of the Rev. Frederick, as she patted and smoothed her favorite's hide.

"I used to know how well enough when I was home, on the farm," said the young parson, rather dubiously; "but, of course, during my college and seminary days I got out of the way of agricultural pursuits."

"Perhaps you would like to try Beauty," said Polly naively. "I don't believe she will stir a hair, while I stand here and coax her. See how good she looks."

Beauty did look remarkably good, with her fore feet tied to a heavy billet of wood; but the Rev. Frederick had too much gallantry to decline. He seated himself on the stool, took the bucket between his clerical knees, and had drawn away for some minutes at the cow's udder, when she gave a backward lunge, and over went the parson, milking-stool, pail, and all.

"O dear! O dear! how sorry I am!" cried Polly, in unaffected distress.

"Really, Miss Fraser, you must excuse me. I shall have to—to—retire," stammered the young clergyman, picking himself up, much discomforted, with his nice black suit badly bespattered.

Polly went waiting with him to the gate; but when she came back her face did not look quite miserable. "Do you think you could milk Beauty, Job?" she inquired, softly.

Job undid the rope, and felt of the cow's sleek skin until she seemed magnetized.

"Come, Polly," said he, squaring round on the girl, "don't let's have more fooling. That parson has been in the way so long I haven't had any chance to ask you to be my wife; and you know I can't say it as he would, but I feel it all the same, if I am a dumb fellow."

Polly thought, in the end, that Job said it quite as well as the Rev. Frederick would have done; and the next morning, when Mr. Stebbens took for his text these words of Paul, "We are perplexed, but not in despair," a smile was seen on some faces. And there was pretty Fanny Isham in the singers' seat. Mr. Stebbins made Fanny very happy before the summer was out. Some wag named Polly, or the red heifer, Job's comforter; but I think Job has had patience given him to bear his cross bravely.

The Eclipse.

THE ECLIPSE IN ILLINOIS.

BY REV. FRED. H. WINES.

For a free show, the solar eclipse was decidedly a success. As such it was loudly applauded by the spectators present, and would have been encored, if possible.

Under any circumstances an eclipse of the sun is a sublime spectacle. But a total eclipse must be seen to be appreciated. Not even a photograph can reproduce its mingled grandeur and beauty, or enable one who did not see it to imagine the scene as it appeared to us who did.

From the fact that Prof. Peirce, of Harvard University, selected Springfield, Illinois, as the point to be occupied by himself in person it may be inferred that the interest of the occasion centered in that city, famous as the former home and now the last resting place of the martyred Lincoln. Prof. Peirce is the present superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, under whose direction the scientific observations of the eclipse of 1869, from Alaska to South Carolina, were made. The belt of territory (as every reader of the newspapers and of the almanac knew beforehand) in which the obscuration of the sun would be total was about one hundred and forty miles in width; and the spot upon which the temporary observatory at Springfield was erected was not two miles distant from the center of this belt.

For a number of weeks prior to the great event preparations for it were in progress. A party of astronomers with their instruments—telescopes, chronographs, spectroscopes, and what not—arrived in the city two or three days before the seventh of August, and spent the interval in examining the work of making ready. Prof. Peirce was, of course, while he remained, as he did until Monday noon, the lion of the town. Prominent among his assistants were Prof. Schott, the head of the computing division at Washington, whom he appointed chief of staff; and Count Pourtales, a wealthy Swiss nobleman, and warm friend of Prof. Agassiz. The Count superintended the work of taking photographs, which was intrusted to Mr. J. W. Black, a Boston photographer. The photographs taken by him were entirely satisfactory, and will be published for the benefit of the public at large.

Friday evening and Saturday morning witnessed such an influx of distinguished visitors, savans, and pleasure-seekers as our city has rarely before seen. They came not from Chicago and St. Louis only, but from all parts of the country; even from Maryland, New York, and New England. A few amateurs brought telescopes with them. Friday happened to be a wet day; and the rain continued during the early part of Friday night. All hearts were filled with anxiety lest the sun, shrinking from such universal and so intense observation, should veil his face upon the morrow in clouds, and disappoint the expectant multitude. But Saturday was a glorious day. No man ever saw a finer.

The excitement among all classes began to rise early in the day. Some shrewd stranger had brought with him a satchel full of pieces of purple glass, about three inches long by two in width, which he sold at the price of three for a quarter of a dollar, and drove a thriving trade. But his purple glass proved in fact inferior to common window-glass, smoked, for purposes of observation, on account of the glaring color. During all the morning and early afternoon, at every corner and upon the sidewalks in front of the shops, I saw men, women, and children trying their glasses. No one talked or thought of anything but the eclipse. The popular feeling was well expressed by the remark of a thoroughly Western man, "Wouldn't it be a grand sell if it shouldn't come off, after all?" Every vehicle and saddle-horse in the livery stables was engaged before ten o'clock to carry the people to the reservoir, northeast of the city, where the principal crowd gathered near the temporary observatory.

At five minutes after four o'clock (less twenty-four seconds and a half) the southern edge of the moon touched, or seemed to touch, the northern edge of the sun. At this moment, under the open sky, the sun's light and heat were as intense as they ordinarily are upon an August afternoon. I remember to have seen, many years ago, upon one of our great Northern lakes, as the sun dipped his rebound face beneath the surface of the water, a ship sailing between our propeller and the setting luminary at precisely that distance from us that her masts, and shrouds, and sails, and hull stood out in dark, bold relief against the crimson background; and one could almost fancy that the vessel was no reality, but a phantom—a supernatural portent of good or ill. We all thought of the angel standing in the sun, mentioned by St. John in the Apocalypse. Just so, in empty space, sailed the moon between us and that same sun—not setting now, but still three hours high in the heavens. Never before did I so distinctly grasp the conception of the movement of the stars, or realize so vividly that each star is a world ponderous as our own, and not an ever-shifting point of light flitting across the sky, like the lamps in the rigging of vessels moving to and fro in some great harbor. The first phase of the eclipse had begun. Slowly, slowly crept the shadow of the moon, as it seemed, over the surface of the sun, though, in reality, the shadow fell not upon the sun, but upon us; and what appeared to be a shadow was the body of the moon itself, with its dark side turned toward the earth. The bright surface of the sun dwindled to a crescent like that of the new moon; only it was golden in color, instead of silvern. For one long hour—it seemed like two—the light diminished and the darkness increased. It was as if the change which takes place at twilight had been brought about, contrary to Nature, prematurely and hurriedly. But the light was not like that at twilight. The ordinary gray tint of evening was missing. The air was copper-colored; the grass and foliage dark blue. The shadows were more intense than at noonday. The cows, grazing upon the Common, hurried home. The cattle in the field lay down and chewed the cud. The birds went to roost. The evening flowers opened their petals. Together with the light, the heat of the sun declined; and in less than an hour the mercury in the thermometer fell fifteen or twenty degrees. The change in temperature was like that experienced in a balloon ascension. The effect upon the imagination and sensibilities was remarkable, even though—thanks to science—we knew we had nothing to fear. The level landscape, of almost illimitable extent, shrouded in funereal gloom, was ghastly and awe-inspiring beyond description. A hush fell upon all present like that which I imagine will precede the dawn of the day of final judgment. The sky was dark as if a storm—the terrible storm of God's wrath—was about to break upon a guilty world.

At five o'clock, five minutes, and twenty seconds we were in almost total darkness. Twenty thousand faces were turned skyward; when, in the tenth of a second, the full glory of the eclipse burst upon us, and a cry of rapture rose involuntarily from every lip. The second phase of the eclipse now began. An ignoble comparison is sometimes the most graphic. You have seen, on the evening of the glorious Fourth, some little ragged urchin's pin-wheel spinning against a wall or fence, after the fuse was all consumed—a dark circle surrounded by a ring of dull red burning coal. So did we see the dark circle of the moon surrounded, but by a transcendently brilliant ring of solar light. The moon has a slightly serrated edge, in consequence of the height of the mountains upon its surface. The body of the sun was wholly concealed from view. But the luminous solar atmosphere, with its flames of burning hydrogen, mounting upward one hundred thousand miles in height, became instantly visible. We saw the moon crowned with a golden aureola, like that around the head of a saint in a mediæval painting. It was very noticeable, however, that this corona of light did not form a perfect circle, but was rather rhomboidal in its shape, owing to the greater length of the rays at four points corresponding very nearly to the four principal points of the compass. The greatest length of the corona was in the direction of the ecliptic. Upon the lower edge of the sun a peculiar flame was visible, pointing downward, like the reversed flame of a candle. Outside of the corona, the sky was so dark that the stars shone out. Venus, to the left, fifteen degrees southeast, and Mercury, to the right, five degrees northwest, were peculiarly resplendent. Regulus, between Venus and the sun, was less bright. Saturn and Arcturus were also in plain sight; but Jupiter and Mars were not to be seen. Upon the surface of the earth the darkness was not greater than it is upon a star-lit night. The sky near the horizon was straw or amber-colored, faintly tinged with red; and presented an appearance like that of a brilliant, cloudless sunset, yet differing from an ordinary sunset as the increasing darkness which preceded the moment of total eclipse differed from ordinary twilight. The effect was fearfully sublime.

For two or three minutes—I do not know the exact time—this second phase of the eclipse lasted. Then, like a flash of lightning, the sun's disk reappeared upon the northern side, and the third phase began. How glorious was that reappearing! The corona vanished as suddenly as it had come. Instead of the corona, we saw a golden halo, with softly-shaded edges, like that often seen around the moon before a storm; and inside the golden circle was a circular rainbow, whose magnificence was obscured only by the dazzling radiance, to eyes accustomed to the dark, of the returning sunlight. From the sun's disk as a center shot diverging rays in every direction, terminating in the rainbow. Such a vision of the throne of God I can hope to see but once in a lifetime. "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created."

The return of daylight resembled an unnatural dawn, as its departure did an unnatural twilight. To the sense of sight it was astoundingly sudden. In five minutes the crowd, satisfied, began to disperse. The birds reluctantly left their roosts, disappointed, after having retired for the night, at the unlooked-for disturbance of their rest. On every hand regret was expressed that this display of celestial fireworks lasted for so brief a moment. The visitors from abroad hastened to the railroad depots, to take homeward-bound trains. And the great eclipse, predicted, it is said, three thousand years ago, passed into history.

I cannot close this account without sketching a figure which will always loom up in my imagination against the lurid horizon, and complete a picture which would be incomplete without it. The power of God in Nature is a sublime sight; but sublimer still is the spectacle of that power operating within a human soul, and enabling it to deny and to control one's self. Think what it must have been to an astronomer, full of scientific enthusiasm and curiosity, knowing that this would probably be the only opportunity to gratify that curiosity in the course of his life, to deny himself this pleasure, so pure and so elevating, for the sake of science. Then imagine that you see Mr. W. P. Montague, a recent graduate of Harvard, standing during the entire duration of the total eclipse, with chronometer in hand, unselfishly, resolutely refusing to cast a single glance upward, watching the monotonous beat of the second hand, at the call of duty; and, if you feel, reader, as I do, you will exclaim, with Solomon: "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."

THE ECLIPSE BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. S. CLARKSON,

EDITOR OF THE IOWA STATE REGISTER.

Many who read this will remember a certain lesson in the book of astronomy studied at school ten years ago that concluded in a sentence of promise that "the next total eclipse of the sun, visible on this continent, will occur on the 7th day of August, 1869." A few hours ago, as we clambered up through the skylight door of a tall building, we looked back over our shoulder to see that the promised eclipse was on time, and had already bitten an arc out of the sun at his lower right hand corner. Peering through smoked glass we watched the black shadow creep its way slowly but mightily across the fiery globe, till our attention was drawn to the world about us, beginning to take on the shapes of an unnatural evening. A somber curtain was falling from the hazy heavens, wrapping our familiar land in a garb dusky and weird as that we see in the landscape of our dreams. About us and above us the shadows were sweeping in solemn swiftness. The heavens were clear of clouds in rolls or banks, and had been from the beginning; but a strange mist, like the smoke of Indian summer made moist, filled every part of the sky, and hugged close to the earth—the northwest being a reservoir from whose black banks the ceaseless mists were fed. The darkness was becoming a darkness to be felt. The buildings on every hand met the gathering gloom by rearing their proportions into forms statelier and more clearly defined. The landscape was swiftly changing from its natural indistinctness and airiness to a profile defined with startling clearness, changing very much as do the views of the stereoscope when placed in the instrument. The trees skirting the hights of the city assumed a denser, darker foliage, and stood out in startling outline against the black sky in the background. The branches seemed to cower closer to the trunk, arranging themselves in sharper symmetry, and shrinking back from touch with neighboring trees, as if to stand in a greater solitude and a more complete individuality of photograph. The color was common; the locust and the oak, the apple and the maple, the willow and the grape, all donning the robe of hue unnatural. The prairies beyond the wood-land had lost their gleaming billows of green for a broad and murky sea of springing fog. The flowers closed their blossoms and curled their leaves to meet the night. The Four o'Clocks, that usually open slowly with the two hours before sunset, opened in full with a sudden spring. Moss gathered its branches in compact mass, and shrubbery seemed moist with dew. At the end of vision the earth shut away in smoke and sorrow. Closer around us the phenomena had equal unnaturalness, growing wilder and wilder as the darkness increased. Our own shadows fell upon the roof with frightful plainness and faithfulness, so nearly assuming substance as to look as though they could be picked up, as a profile on a card. The fingers in the shadowed hand had not the flit of reflection, but moved with a slower, more visible motion of fingers of flesh. The features of the people on the house-tops to the right and left were plainer to our view when the totality was moving on its last quarter than in the full sunlight; the mould of flesh passing, as it were, to the harder, plainer lines of marble—or, more properly, to the likeness of features chiseled in iron. Our clothing lost its brightness and variety of colors; the silk and scarlet on women sinking to a common hue with the cassimere and denims on men. The very brightness of the eye was quenched in a harmony with the ashy pallor on the face, and the whole form was struck into the stiff and mobile pose of a statue.

The impressions on the feelings of different persons were noticeably different. Some were sad and anxious from the first, growing more silent as the shadows fell; while the faces of others mirrored nothing but the sensations of an intense curiosity, and a fretting impatience for the climax to come. The mass of thinking persons bore the look of people being dragged reluctantly along to an interview with the Power that has placed the mysteries of creation at a distance mockingly far from the reach of human understanding, and were lost in wonder and awe at the imposing spectacle unfolding itself before them. But there were many who expressed no more unconcern, no more evidence of a stirred spirit, than they would had they been waiting for the curtain to rise on a sensational drama. Different from what we had been led to expect by the history of other eclipses, and from what is usually noticed in all trials of courage and nerve, the ladies, who were present in great numbers, did not exhibit any more trepidation and alarm than the men; some of them, in fact, showing a cheeriness and indifference that contrasted strongly with the perturbed and solemn looks of those on whose strong arms they leaned. None were excited in a woman's way. Some were impressed into a total silence and silent weeping; but noisy demonstration, expressed in voice or sob, was unheard. Children, ignorant of the cause, watched the creeping shadow, apparently unconscious of the imposing wonder of the night it brought, scarcely hushing their prattle when the total gloom was complete in its reign. On a few men it had no impression of solemnity or awe. Throughout its progress toward totality, they watched it with merry interest; and, when the grand moment of extinction and darkness came, there went up from nearly every house-top two or three exultant cheers, which were answered and reanswered till the whole city rang as with the noise of a shouting army. These were the men who were so thoroughly American as to be unable to keep from encoring the eclipse for the perfect success it had achieved.

But, as the shadow had swept on its remorseless way, moving with a mighty march that impressed every mind with its power to take from us the last ray of sunlight, there had come upon all a bearing more hushed and humble, and an uneasiness that the most indifferent could not altogether conceal. With the darkness gathering in denser gloom, every person of intelligent impression felt a helplessness, a humility never felt before. Presently the flood of sunlight was so far quenched as to admit the sun to the bare eye in painless view; and then, as the great orb dwindled into the proportions and crescent of a modest young moon, not only man, but animals, began to feel the power of the night that was descending upon them. Half an hour before the birds had ceased their music, and now they left their nooks in the trees and began to flit and flutter about in violent haste. The pigeons, that had been roosting about in pairs, massed in wheeling groups, circling in low flights, skimming close to roof and ground, trying to escape from they knew not what. Before the extinction become total, a large flock that had been flying round and round the building on which we stood dropped down in helpless affright upon the roof, and clung in huddles to the shingles till the darkness was gone. Smaller birds separated from their mates, and flew singly and in wild disorder, keeping near the ground, and frequently beating themselves against walls and other obstructions in their flight. A group of martins dashed in among us, seeking protection from a power it is their nature to fear. Persons nearer the dingles of the woods heard very distinctly the harsh piping of the whip-poor-will's greeting to the night. Bats flitted out in the darkness they thought genuine, and were without dismay till the light returned. The chickens and turkeys in a yard at our feet took it very calmly, and quietly wended their way through the door of the coop, some of them mounting the perches of the roost. From our place of observation we could not see that horses exhibited any alarm; but from others we learned that a few of the most spirited plunged and curvetted till it became necessary to unhitch them from the vehicles to which they were attached. Cattle did not stampede or bellow in affright, as they are reported to have done in former eclipses; but still allowed the counterfeit night to bring them in from their browsing, and lay them down to rest as contentedly as though it were the regular time. Dogs, in some places, more particularly on hills bare of trees, became so frightened as to run howling to their kennels; but as a general thing quietly sought protection in the company of their masters.

Now had come a darkness that all could feel, and a chilliness of the early May morning. The sun was nearly rayless, and the atmosphere seemed damp with falling dew. When the pall had captured all the light to its dark embrace except the narrow thread of the unquenched limb, on all sides was heard the exclamation, Look out for the shadow! Almost instantly the northwest was filled with the approach of an awful shape, that came mantling through the heavens like a monster thunder-cloud, reaching from tree-top to stars, and softened and subdued into an unearthly fleece by an oriental spray of purple. It was not massed in the blackness of midnight, nor the black fury of the storm; but came more like a bank of fog flying before the dawn. Behind it, the horizon shut down in a bank of blackness that contrasted drearily with the shots of muddy yellow that flecked the southeastern heavens in fitful flashes. Instantaneous with the sweep of the shadow the moon had completed its sublime voyage before the sun; and the full night of the eclipse in its awful grandeur had arrived, swallowing the earth in its gloom and draping the sky in pall. Quickly following its capping in black, the sun shot out its corona of rays, revealing the moon in great distinctness, and lighting the upper heavens with a sickly silver that played in ghastly smiles against a gloom it could not dispel. The corona was not so brilliant as we had been warned to expect; and yet, with its appalling nimbus, its struggling streams of unnatural light blazing out in irregular jets, flashing up in bristling spars, and capping the palpable darkness with its crown of creeping, quivering splendor, it was a spectacle of awful magnificence—the most thrilling thing that mortal eye has ever looked upon. The moon now hung out in the sky, not as a dream or a floating shadow, but in majesty, might, and grandeur—standing between us and the sun in fearful identity, and forcing upon every mind the positive proof of its material nature. There it swung, a vast black orb, depriving our own planet of all light except the feeble, flickering streams that stoleout in timid flashes from behind its relentless cap of gloom. At the lower edge of the moon burned a nick of brilliant red, and to the right of this twinkled a similar spot of feebler ray. On the right *Mercury* flashed feebly out in a diamond point; and *Venus* at the left peeped forth, with much of her brilliancy paled and obscured by the sickly shimmer of the corona.

For three minutes the majestic horror held sway. The darkness was now of an intensity that shrouded everything in the quiet shadows of a thunder-cloud coming upon the earth at twilight. The heavens were of dull lead, and at times livid with unfamiliar hues. The mists grew thicker about our heads, and the faces of our friends retired from us in a darkness that was oppressive. A cool wind sprung up from the east, as if to add to the chill that came when the sun was lost. When the totality was half elapsed the horizon at the north and northeast was tipped in beautiful orange, changing rapidly to fleeing flashes of blue. Very quickly the three minutes sped away. The time, instead of seeming unnaturally long, was to every one more like seconds than minutes. The last minute was probably the most imposing in its impressiveness, awe and wonder having by that time given way to thought and reflection. Then it was that the spirit was filled with its most singular sensations, and the soul filled with a strange music that seemed to whisper in echo to the sublime prophesies of Christianity. God had made himself manifest in Nature; and man felt that he was brought almost face to face with the majesty of the Almighty.

Presently a beautiful aurora crept along the northeastern horizon, bringing a glad blush of hope to the great span of blackness—a beautiful warning of the glory speedily to come. Quickly the arrow of light flashed along above the trees in the north and west, and almost instantly the sullen night lifted from that horizon in a golden gap, and settled itself in a denser shadow in the south, apparently robing itself in midnight for departure. The great black mass before the sun moved in a convulsive throb; and then, in the beat of a heart, a mist of golden glory shot out from the toppling pall, a tinsel of dazzling radiance flashed along the edge of the great hanging shadow, the stars retired before the flooding light, and the earth was once more sunny with the smiles of heaven. The first burst of returning light was of glory and splendor that seemed to come flashing from the Throne. Every heart leapt with a joy it had never known; and from the delighted multitude went up an exultant shout of thanksgiving and praise. The blessed sunlight had returned, driving the darkness, gloom, and sorrow before it, illuminating the world with its radiance, and with its genial glow baptizing men anew into the mercy, peace, and protection of the Most High. The brilliant crescent was as another bow set in promise; and, as its rays returned upon the earth, they fell in a sweetness and power that made man better and brought God nearer.

The disappearance of the shadow was as sudden as its approach. It did not, however, sweep off through the sky; but rolled away in mountainous tumbles, clinging to the earth to escape from the sun. As it fled angrily away, filling the southeast with black billows, the sun flashed its golden thread into a brilliant crescent, the hills and valleys glowed with the brightness of the recovered day, and the awful unfamiliarity was gone. The interview with the Great Unknown, the conference of man with his Maker, was over.

Des Moines, Aug. 7th, 1869.

Temperance.

A GREAT TRIUMPH.

To the Editor of The Independent:

All the liquor saloons and hotels are closed in Adrian, Mich. A few weeks ago several gentlemen met together to consult as to the *best* method of enforcing the prohibitory law. A prosecuting agent was employed, and a little money has since been subscribed to pay

CALLS.

, Myron, Presb., of Springport,
to Dunkirk, N. Y.
Charles D., Epis., of Lewes, Del., to
eraga, N. Y.
n, D. S., Luth., of Tipton, O., to
ra, Kansas.
E. M., Cong., to Santa Barbara,

s, Philips, Epis., of Philadelphia,
ts the call to Trinity church in Bos-

, Clark, Cong., of Neponset, Mass.,
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F. G., Cong., of Andover Seminary,
city missionary at Manchester, N. H.
, P. D., Presb., of Union Seminary,
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all, J. N., Cong., of Madison, Wis.,
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n, D. A., Cong., of Cincinnati, to
bury, Conn.
Daniel C., D. D., Bapt., of West
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Square church, Boston.
H. E., Bapt., of Watkins, N. Y., to
linburg, N. Y.
r. S. B., Cong., of Mendota, Ill., to
hall, Mich.
n, A. J., Bapt., of Jamaica Plains,
, to Clarendon-street church, Bos-
formerly Rowe-street.
r, E. W., Presb., of Lawrence, Ill.,
upaca, Wis.
r. C. W., Cong., of New Haven,
o Lowell, Mass.
Dr., Presb., of Rome, N. Y., to El
N. Y.
J. M., Luth., of Bellefontaine, to
n, O.
Thomas, D.D., Cong., to Pilgrim
, Providence, R. I.
C., Luth., to Mount Holly, Pa.
r. T. O. D. D., Bapt., to a new
at Williamsport, Pa.
W. A., Cong., Washington Heights,
o.
, M. L., Presb., of Lane Seminary,
nati, O.
L., Cong., of Exeter, N. H., to
gton, Vt.
A. L., Presb., of La Salle, Ill., to
olnee, Mich.
Y. H., Cong., of Bangor Seminary,
gham, Me.
, J. E., Cong., of Charlestown,
to First church, Washington, D.C.
R. R., Presb., of La Salle, Mich.,
mpaign, Ill.
Dr. O. H., Presb., of Hammonds
N. Y., to Tramansburg, N. Y.
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R. R., Presb., of La Salle, Mich.,
mpaign, Ill.

, O. H., Presb., of Hammonds
N. Y., to Tramansburg, N. Y.

NATIONS AND INSTALLATIONS.

, George, Epis., ord., August 3, by
p Williams, of Conn.

Charles, Cong., inst. at Angola,

W., Univ., of Meadville Seminary,
by the Universalist Conference of
r Canada.
n Charles M. Cong., ord. August
tor of Porter church, North Bridge,
Mass.
G. B., Bapt., of Newton Seminary,
August 2, at Newton Center, Mass.,
to California.
, Isaac P., Cong., inst., July 28, in
n Canaan, Conn.
ood, Nathan W., Presb., inst.
30, Second church, Elmira, N. Y.

RESIGNATIONS.

y, W. H., Univ., at Frankfort,
York.
, L. S., Cong., of Owatonna, Minn.
ith.
s, J. R., Bapt., at Fenton, Mich.
, H. E., Presb., of St. Anne French
h, Ill. Throat disease.
ay, G. R. H., Presb., of Newark,

Edward, Bapt., Passayunk, Pa.
G. C., Bapt., at Orangeville, N. Y.
Robert E., Presb., Clyde, N. Y.

DEATHS.

ames, Epis., Archdeacon of Can-
England, with other preferments,
which he received the amount of
4 during his lifetime.
ng, Evang., 77, at Hartford, O.,

P., Bapt., missionary to Assam,
ong, May 18.
ohn D., Bapt., 31, at Somerville,
August 9th. A most beloved
r.
ngton, Dr., Epis., Dean of Dur-
Eng., 70, July 27. His salary was

Samuel B., D.D., Presb., 86, Prince
d, Va., August 1, professor in the
gical Seminary 28 years.

MISCELLANEOUS.

, Louis W., Unit., of Westmore-
N. H., sails for Calcutta as a mis-
of the Am. Unitarian Associa-

am, Edwin, Bapt., of Holyoke,
es to resume the work of an evan-

r, H. W., Cong., is said to be hard
rk finishing his "Life of Christ"
e press.
ll, Thomas S., and his wife, mis-
ries in India 21 years, have returned
visit. They were 123 days in going
and but 38 days in returning.
hill, J. W., Cong., of Nashua, N
nted professor of pulpit oratory in
ver Theological Seminary.
Calvin, Presb., of Marshall, Mich.,
t secretary for home missions, has
e agent of Kalamazoo Female
ge.
y, H. D. D., Bapt., of Dayton, O.,
ected professor of biblical exegesis
pastoral theology in Madison Semi-

on, Col. A. M., Cong., of Lewis-
Me., a dry goods merchant, frequent-
pupits the pulpit in that place.
r. Dr., Epis., Bishop of Dunedin,
Zealand, returns to England, re-
d by his diocese for his ritualism.
, J. R., resigns his position as pastor
e United Presbyterian church, New-
kington, Pa., because unable longer
pport the distinctive principles of
church. He joins the O. S. Presby-
ns.
rs. I. J., Bapt., formerly a volun-
missionary in China, is now in the
stry, worn out and feeble.
S. E., Freewill Bapt., of Gardiner,
is invited to be principal of Atwood
itute, in Ohio.
ke, Dr., Epis., of Rugby, a writer of
ys and Reviews, declines Mr. Glad-
e's appointment to be Dean of Dur-

ck, Dr., of Germany, this year cele-
s the fiftieth anniversary of his pr-
orship.
, W. J., Presb., of Newcastle, P
been appointed secretary of the N.
day School Committee.

Our Young Folks.

CHANTICLEER'S REVEILLE.

HARK to Chanticleer's shrilly call!
Perched on the top of the old stone wall—
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
He flaps his wings in a frantic way,
This *dead warrior* of the day—
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Ho! girls and boys, 'tis time to rise,
A rosy flush creeps up the skies;
There's plenty of work for all to do,
There's work for me and there's work for you—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"The days are short and time flies fast,
Life's morning hour will soon be past;
Then up and at work while yet you may—
No hours so bright as the early day—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"The farmer lies to his meadows green,
They are glittering now with diamond sheen;
The milk-maid merrily trips along,
Cheered by the robin's matin song—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"Come, Kate, and Will, and Harry, and Ned,
Waste not the precious hours in bed;
Morning has opened her purple gates,
Her smiling train your coming waits—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

He tossed with lordly air his crest,
Then screamed amain, like one possessed—
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
Anear and far the shrilly call
Was heard of the barnyard sentinel—
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

E. V. S.

THE TWO LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"THE importance of home missionary work is pressing daily with greater force upon all reflecting minds. First provide for thine own; that is Bible precept."

This was what Papa read aloud from the paper at breakfast, one morning; and Alice and May, with their mouths full of buckwheat cakes, were listening with their ears wide open, though they didn't know just what it meant.

"What is home missionaries, Papa?" asked little May.

"You know what missionaries are, don't you dear?"

"Yes, Papa, I guess I do. They're good people, isn't they, who sail round the world and teach the Bible to the heathens?"

"Well, home missionaries are good men who teach the Bible without sailing round the world. You know, dear, there are plenty of poor, wicked people in this country, too; and the missionaries go to them and try to make them better, and show them how to read the Bible and find out about God and all good things.

"Where do they go, Papa?" said Alice.

"O, some of them go to the West, pet; and some to the Indians, and some to teach the black people at the South. Some of them stay here in New York, and have schools for poor little boys and girls, and nice places for them to sleep in at night. Should you like some day to go down town with me and see one?"

"I'd like to *be* one," said little May.

"Well, my darling, you'll have the chance some time. The Lord always sends work to willing hands. Even a little girl can help along in the home missionary cause. I'd love to have my two useful in that way."

And, so saying, Papa folded up his paper kissed them all round, and started off for his office. This was all he said about the missionaries; but it put a funny idea into the children's heads, as you shall hear.

"I wish we knew how to begin," said Alice to May, that afternoon. "Papa said even little girls like us could."

"Perhaps we're too little," said May, who was very little. They were in their play-room in the attic when they began to talk. It was a splendid place, big and square and empty, with funny hiding-places down where the low part of the roof came, and plenty of empty boxes and odds and ends which they might move about and meddle with as much as they liked. For Mamma said that little people must have a play-place of their own to make them happy on rainy days. So she gave them this to do what they liked in; and always when it was bad weather, and they couldn't go out doors, they came up here and had a lovely time. All their toys were kept here; and here they told their secrets, and had a postoffice, and wrote each other little notes, which were very interesting and important, for, as they were hardly ever apart, they generally read them with their heads close together and their arms about each other's necks.

They were whispering now—not that they liked it best. The best danger of anybody's hearing what they said, but because they like it.

"I don't believe we're a bit too little," said Alice. "I'm not, at any rate; and you could help me, you know, May, even if you're too small to do it alone."

"So I could," said May, looking very bright. She liked to help Alice.

"You see," Alice went on, "perhaps we're not big enough to teach schools for a good many poor children. But I think, if we could find one—just one, you know—who wasn't very big, we might teach her as far as we've got—First Reader, you know, and up to seven times one, and the boundaries; that would take a good while, and we should be keeping ahead of her all the time."

"And make a nice place for her to sleep," added May, her eyes sparkling.

"May, you're real clever. I never thought of that. Let's see, where could we put her? It must be where she'd not be a trouble to anybody but just us. Oh! May, I've thought. She shall live up here in our play-room! We'll make a bed, and fix it all nice, and nobody'll find it out till she's grown up and knows how to read and all; and then we'll bring her down stairs. Won't Papa and Mamma be surprised?"

"Oh, goody! Isn't that splendid?" cried May, dancing about the attic. "Where shall we put the bed?"

"Let's see," said Alice. "That big box would be nice, I guess; because then there'll be room for her to grow up. And here's the cushion of your old crib to go in it, and a lovely comforter to keep her warm. Do you see any pillows anywhere?"

"Only the one in my dolly's bedstead," replied May.

"Well, that'll do as long as she's little—it's pretty big. Now, her bed's all nice; and we'll bring up the Reader and Spelling-book, and then we shall be all ready."

"But she must have something to eat," said May, who was very wise for such a little thing.

"So she must. We'll save things from breakfast and dinner for her, won't we? I guess Nurse would give us some crackers now, if we ask her."

So down they ran. Nurse was happy to give them as many crackers as they wanted; and they picked out a clean little box to keep them in and serve as a store-room. Every day they contrived to save something—sometimes bread, sometimes a bit of cheese, or a little dried beef, or an apple—things they thought would keep.

And now the box was nearly full, the bed was made, and the books brought up and arranged with marks at the first lesson. All was ready except the little girl; but that was an important exception! Where was she to come from?

"You know," said Alice, "Papa said the Lord always sent work to willing hands. So, when he is ready, he'll send us our little girl."

But they waited day after day, and she didn't come. The bread got very dry and the apples began to spoil. Matters looked desperate. So one day Alice took a sudden idea.

"Home missionaries don't wait for people to come," she said; "they go and find 'em. We'll run right down to the alley, May; and, if we find a poor little girl there, we shall know that the Lord sent her."

So down they ran to the back gate; and, sure enough, the first thing they saw was a little girl, about as big as Alice, walking along kicking up the dirt with the toes of her boots. Ah! here she was at last.

"Little child," cried Alice, running up to her, "please come in here. We want to show you something."

The "little child" was willing enough to go into the nice house with the pretty little sisters; so in she came. She was dirty and ragged enough to please anybody; and Alice felt very proud, as she led her into the garret.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said; "we're all ready for you. Here's your bed, and here are the books—you'll soon be able to read them.

"And here's your dinner," broke in May—"all these nice apples and crackers; and we'll stay up here with you every minute of the time when we're not in school."

"Yes!" cried Alice. "You'll be glad to hear us coming, won't you? And you must never make any noise or look out of the window, for fear people'll find you out. And I'y and by, when you're quite grown up, we'll take you down-stairs and tell them all about it."

The little girl looked from one to the other, with her eyes growing wild and scared; but, when Alice ended with this dreadful news, that she was to stay there till she was quite grown up, and never even peep out of the window, she was almost frightened to death. In a great hurry she twitched her hand away; and before they knew what she was about she was half way down stairs, racing off as fast as her feet could carry her.

The children were much distressed. "Stop, little girl. Oh, please come back!" they cried, and ran after her. But she didn't answer a word; and as for coming back, that did not seem likely, for when they reached the alley-gate she was quite out of sight. They ran this way and that, calling to her; but she was gone, and they never saw her again.

Little May burst out crying, and even Alice could not keep back the tears. They were too disappointed to hide it; and, meeting Mamma just then, they opened their hearts and told her all about it. She couldn't help laughing a little; but she kissed and comforted them, and, when they began to feel better, explained to them how their way was not the best one to do good, and that they had no right to make the little girl come and live in the attic against her will.

So they gave up the plan, and let cook take the (very dry) provisions away to give to some poor person who might like them. And when they grow up, as they will some day, they will see what Papa meant by God sending work; and I hope their hands will be as willing then as now.

THE CROW'S NUPTIALS.

THERE is an Eastern fable—probably as old as the era of Abraham—which has been carried into almost every European language, and has sprung up in a great many different forms; for it is a wise lesson, decked out in a quaint and pleasant fashion, and so it fastens itself to the memory as tenaciously as a limpet clings to a rock. The author of "Count Lucanor, or the Fifty Pleasant Stories of Patronio," (written from 1335 to 1347, by Prince Manuel, of Spain,) gives the best account of this fable that I have ever read; and from it, therefore, I shall tell it to you again, in somewhat different words, but without other alterations.

A wise man had a young king for his pupil; and the scholar had no desire to become a wise man. His father died while he was still a minor; and as soon as the old king's eyes were closed the heir became unruly and vicious. He chose bad companions, who encouraged him in all his vile desires.

The wise man was very much grieved at this conduct but, he could not change the course of the young royal reprobate.

Finding that his advice was scorned, he devised a curious plan for regaining his influence over the wayward pupil.

Everybody in those times believed in soothsaying and other dark mysteries. The wise man took advantage of these ignorant superstitions, and had it whispered around the court that he possessed the art of augury—that is, the secret of foretelling events from the actions or the speech of birds.

The rumor reached the ears of the young king, who at once went to his teacher and asked him if it was true. The philosopher evaded the question; but, on being pressed to do so, agreed to give an evidence of his skill.

Early on the following morning they started.

The wise man led his pupil toward a valley where there were a number of deserted villages. They came to a spot where a crow sat cawing on a tree.

"There!" said the king, "tell me what he is saying."

The philosopher beckoned him to be silent.

Soon a second crow alighted on another tree, and began: "Caw—caw—caw!"

It looked as if the two crows were holding a conversation. After the wise man had sat silent for some time, he began to rend his clothes and to weep very bitterly.

This conduct alarmed the young king, and he eagerly asked what it meant.

The philosopher refused to tell why he wept; but still he wept.

The young king continued to urge him to explain the cause of this unusual conduct, and at length the old teacher exclaimed:

"Oh, would that I had never been born! Would that I were dead! Better be dead than be so disgraced by the conduct of my pupil! Sire, not only the people, but even the birds know that you will lose your kingdom and be despised by mankind, on account of your neglect of your duties and your unjust taxation!"

"But how do you learn all this from the birds?" asked the king.

"These crows," said the philosopher, "intend to contract a marriage—the son of the one to the daughter of the other. That crow over there," he added, pointing to one of them, "remarked to the other: 'It is a long time since this marriage was arranged; surely it is time to solemnize it!' 'It is true,' added the other crow, 'it was to have been so. But now I have become much richer than you; and, thanks be to heaven,' said she, 'since the present king began his reign all the villages in his my valley have become deserted; and I find in the houses abandoned an abundance of snakes, lizards, toads, and other things which usually exist in such places. Therefore, as I have much more to eat now than formerly, the marriage would not now be equal.'

"When the other crow heard this," said the wise man, "she began to laugh, and made answer: 'Why, what you have said has very little sense in it, if it be all the reason you can give for breaking off the marriage; for, if it pleases God to prolong the life of the young king, my daughter will be much richer than your son, as there will be many more deserted houses in the valley where we live, we having ten villages to your one. So you needn't delay the marriage on that account.'

"With this mutual explanation the old crows at once consented to the marriage of their children."

"Now," adds the chronicler, "the young king, hearing all this, was much grieved, and began to reflect how deficient and careless he had been in the proper fulfillment of his duties; by his neglect of them having converted his kingdom into a desert. And this lesson took root; his conduct entirely changed, and he devoted himself ever afterward to improve not only his own affairs but those of his kingdom."

And, commenting on this, an old author wrote:

"Do not chastise the erring youth,
But lead him gently to the truth."

UNCLE JAMES.

Sunday Schools.

THERE appeared in THE INDEPENDENT, a few months ago, a statement to the effect that eight years since there were no Sunday schools in Germany. A correspondent in Allegan County, Michigan, takes exception to our statement, claiming himself to have attended Sunday school long previous to 1849, at which time he left his native Germany. A sufficient answer to our correspondent is found in a letter now before us, written from Berlin, to the *Watchman and Reflector*, in January, 1866, giving an account of the second anniversary of the Berlin Sunday School Association. The German pastors spoke of the Sunday school as an institution which had been recently brought across the ocean by Albert Woodruff, of Brooklyn, and of the five months he spent in Berlin two years before, in the warmest terms, and especially of Mr. W. as laying the foundation of the Sunday school work in Germany. Catechetical classes, conducted by pastors, have long existed in that country. Sunday schools had been introduced to a very limited extent by Baptist and Methodist missionaries from England. But up to 1864 there had been no Sunday schools in the Lutheran Church with regular organization and lay teaching. Mr. Woodruff, after months of patient toil, started several schools, securing the while the co-operation of a few Lutheran pastors. The difficulty of enlisting the lay element of the church may be illustrated by the fact that, during the week of prayer observed in January, 1864, in Berlin, a city of 660,000 inhabitants, Count Bernstorff, whose son is now in charge of the school lately visited by the Queen of Russia, was the only layman in the city who could be induced to pray in public. Now Sunday schools are fast becoming popularized in Germany. Mr. Brockelmann, the missionary of the American Sunday School Union, is laboring very successfully. There are now 158 schools, with 1,300 teachers and 1,600 scholars, besides 236 in Holland and 250 in Switzerland. This method of evangelization is peculiarly valuable for semi-Protestant Europe; because it approaches them without wounding their pride of history and language and literature, and without awakening in them that dread of foreign interference which is fatal to some other forms of missionary labor, inasmuch as it works in and through their own agencies.

....How voluntary mission Sunday school work may and ought to be done is finely illustrated by the good people of Adams, N. Y. Six schools are sustained by the different churches of the village. Parties of teachers go each Sunday, from 3 to 6 miles, to the different country schools. We had the pleasure of attending the one in charge of D. A. Dwight, of the Presbyterian church, last Sunday. Seven teachers drove out 4 to 5 miles, to the Lee schoolhouse, where we found a small but most interesting school, composed of the parents as well as children. Mr. Merriam, superintendent of the Presbyterian church, has charge of one still larger; B. Randall, of the Baptist church, of another; and Horace Brown of still another. One of the six is entirely self-sustaining. A very precious and extensive revival has been in progress during the spring and early summer. Of 65 uniting with the Presbyterian church 40 were from the Sunday school. There was a large number of conversions in the Baptist school in charge of Judge Brown. Horace Brown has been actively engaged in this work for 20 years.

....The North church, Buffalo, Rev. W. Calkins pastor, have completed their new building, combining chapel, Sunday school room, parsonage, parlors, etc. The church and chapel building extend 200 feet, from Main to Pearl street; the chapel and parsonage fronting 85 feet on Pearl street. The Sunday school room is 53 feet square, with 3 adjoining Bible-class rooms and 1 large room for the infant class. The Sunday school room is nicely frescoed, has a beautiful fountain, and is one of the very best we know. The whole arrangement is very complete, and most admirably adapted to the wants of this large and growing church. The total cost is $40,000. The Sunday school, H. Stettman superintendent, not including the mission in Seneca street, just erected into a church, is nearly 500 strong. We congratulate the superintendent, the noble people of the North church, and their most excellent pastor, on this much-needed and most admirable improvement.

...."All same as Mexican Man," said one of the much-traduced Chinese, as he put two bits upon the plate, at a missionary meeting in San Francisco. We are glad to note a growing interest in these people on the part of the Sunday school workers on the Pacific coast. The Howard-street M. E. church has 40 Chinese pupils, Church of the Advent has 30, Howard-street Presbyterian (Dr. Scudder's) 125. Other churches have Chinese schools of considerable numbers. Some 300 are being taught in the different Sunday-schools, besides the large number in the Presbyterian mission in charge of Mr. Loomis. They are docile, eager to learn, and the number of scholars is limited only by the supply of teachers. Welcome, say we, to John Chinaman. Welcome to this land of Sunday schools.

....Rev. J. H. Vincent, in the *Journal*, counsels a pastor "perplexed and in trouble about his Sunday school" as follows: 1. Put yourself body soul and spirit into the Sunday school. 2. Associate with yourself the few faithful teachers who are willing to enter into a solemn convenant with you to work for God. 3. Secure the presence of Jesus, the source of all power in the Sunday school. To this end have a special prayer meeting. 4. Read up the literature of the Sunday school. Take some good Sunday school paper. 5. Preach to your people on the subject. 6. Have something for the children in *every* sermon. 7. Canvass the neighborhood for scholars, have a uniform lesson, use the blackboard and Sunday school maps, hold teachers' meetings. Your zeal will kindle zeal in others.

....They hold what they call "basket meetings" in Northern Minnesota. They come together, bringing large baskets of provisions, and stay for several days. One of these was lately held in the "big woods," composed of several Sunday schools, newly organized. They sang their sweet songs, and listened to the old, old story from the lips of the missionary and others. Many hearts were touched. Some twenty of the dear children and others were hopefully converted.

....An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. So Sunday school instruction is the great preventive of intemperance. The positive influence of the Sunday school is often very great in this direction. A few years ago a Sunday school was started in Tennessee, where within a radius of one mile were four distilleries in full blast. Now all four are broken up. The owner of one of them was heard to say: "That Sunday school was too much for me."

....The published creed of the Bentonstreet Mission Sunday School, St. Louis, contains two prominent articles, as follows: "We believe the design of Sabbath school work is the immediate conversion of souls, and the training of them for God's service"; and "we believe in early conversions." What a pity that these items of belief are not prominent in *all* our Sabbath schools.

....The annual meeting of the Kentucky State Sunday School Convention will be held at Covington, commencing August 31st.

Literary Institutions.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE, Pa., was formed by the union of two colleges, both insisting on retaining their names. Commencement August 5. Graduates 58. Addresses by President McCosh, of Princeton, and Rev. S. J. Nichols, D.D., of St. Louis. Honorary Ph. D.: Rev. A. M. Reid, principal of Female Seminary, Steubenville, Ohio; and Professors Alonzo Linn and Samuel Jones, of Washington and Jefferson College. D.D.: Rev. George Hill, Blairsville, Pa.; Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, Franklin, Pa.; Rev. James Anderson, Iowa. LL.D.: John A. Wills, Esq., Washington, D. C. Rev. Joseph B. Bittinger, D.D., of Sewickley, was chosen president, with an able body of professors.

....Oberlin College held its commencement August 4th. Graduates: 11 of the ladies' department; 15 collegiate, including 1 lady; 2 theological. The latter department has been thoroughly reorganized, on a footing equal to the best seminaries. The lady graduates all read their own pieces. Baccalaureate by President Fairchild; literary oration by the Rev. W. DeLoss Love; Alumni oration by Prof. Merrill, of Ripon; *Concio ad Clerum* by Rev. L. S. Parker, of Derry, N. H.

....At the late meeting in Albany, Prof. North gave the following as the ages at which some of the scholars have graduated: Everett 17 years, Ticknor 16, Webster 19, Story 20, Channing (valedictorian) 18, Longfellow 18, Moses Stuart (valedictorian) 19, Wheaton 17, Prescott 18, Cushing (salutatorian) 17, Emerson 18, Winthrop 19, Bishop Hobart 18, Gulian C. Verplanck 15.

....Madison University imposed the D.D. upon Rev. B. F. Bronson, of Southbridge, Mass.; E. C. Lord, missionary to China; C. Sawyer, Bedford, N. Y.; W. K. King, Oswego, N. Y.; S. S. Parker, Providence, R. I.; and A. Cleghorn, Ottawa, Ill. LL.D. on J. C. Burroughs, D.D., President of Chicago University, and Ph. D. on Rev. W. C. Richards, Pittsfield, Mass.

....At the recent meeting of the Philological Association, President McCosh, of Princeton, stated that he was "prepared, from a pretty extensive acquaintance with the universities of Great Britain, and with some of those on the Continent, to say that the average attainments of college graduates here and there are about equal."

....Two essays have been published, which were read by Japanese students at the late anniversary of Monson Academy: "The Introduction of Christianity into Japan," by Yoshida Hicomaro; and "Japan as it was and is," by Ohara Reynoske. Both in good English.

....The Divinity School of Harvard University opens Sept. 13th. The requirements do not involve any sectarian distinctions. There is access to the college lectures and library, and a partial course is provided for. Pecuniary aid is given to meritorious students.

....Yale College receives $146,035 as its share of the legacies of the late Philip Maret. Messrs. Simeon E. Baldwin, William C. Robinson, Louis Bristol, and Johnson T. Platt have been elected assistant professors of the Law School.

....Commencement of Colby University, Waterville, Me., August 11th. Graduating class 11. Missionary preacher, Rev. A. J. Gooden, of Jamaica Plains; literary orator, Rev. W. R. Alger, of Boston; poet, Rev. Theron Brown.

....The library of Brown University has just received a valuable donation, from the English publishing house of Macmillan & Co., of one hundred and thirty-four volumes of the publications of that distinguished firm.

....The buildings of the Makawao Female Seminary, Sandwich Islands, were burnt June 6th, with all their contents, by which 65 little girls lose their homes and clothing.

....It is proposed to raise $10,000 for the Western Maryland College of the Protestant Methodists, from one hundred subscribers of $100 each, by the 1st of October.

....The Norwegians in Wisconsin are highly gratified at the election of their countryman, Prof. R. B. Anderson, to a chair in the State University, at Madison.

....Henry W. Longfellow was invested with the honorary degree of doctor of laws (D. C. L.) by Oxford University, at a special convention on the 27th ult.

....The new library for the St. Lawrence University is named Herring Hall, in honor of Silas C. Herring, Esq., a New York merchant, who gave $5,000.

....There have already been over one hundred students admitted to Dartmouth College, eighty-three of whom enter the freshman class.

....Wittenberg College, Springfield, O., graduated 12 students. Rev. Isaac Sprut, was appointed to the chair of ancient languages.

....The Lutheran Missionary Institute, Philadelphia, has eight theological students and 126 classical.

....The Pennington Methodist Institute, N. J., had 307 students and 14 graduates.

....The fire-proof edifice for the cabinet of Ingham University will soon be finished.

....William and Mary College, Va., has been rebuilt, and is in operation.

....Oakland College, Miss., is suspended, through pecuniary difficulties.

Scientific.

THE importance of salt is seen in the greediness with which it is sought in those countries where it is rare. In the district of Accra, on the gold coast of Africa, a handful of salt is the most valuable thing on earth next to gold, and will purchase a slave or two. Among the Gallas, brothers will sell their sisters, husbands their wives, and parents their children for salt. In barbarous times one of the most horrible punishments has been the deprivation of salt, and has' resulted in death. In an experiment by the French Academicians animals after a few days refused to eat meat from which the saline matter had been washed away. It could not be digested any more than stones. It seems to be necessary for the solution of the food. During the period of suckling, salt makes the milk more nutritious.

....A new metallic element, to which the name of *jargonium* is given, is suspected to exist in some specimens of zircon. It was first announced by Svanberg, in 1845, and the second element was called by him *norium*, but was never isolated, and later investigations did not confirm his suspicions. More lately Mr. Sorby found indications of a second element in zircon, when experimenting with the spectroscope; and Mr. David Forbes has separated from zircon a substance which he thinks is the oxide of jargonium. One of the most abundant localities for zircon is in Georgia, and we trust some of our American chemists will test American zircon carefully for this *norium* or *Jargonium*.

....By far the best substance for an absorbent in earth-closets is the charcoal of seaweed. It will absorb its own weight of secreta, and can be reused many times, and then applied as a rich manure, or can be burned over again, care being taken only to recover the ammonia. Each burning will increase the quantity of charcoal, so that this outlay would have to be made but once. Besides the charcoal gradually assumes the quality of bone charcoal from the phosphoric acid of the excreta, which replaces the carbonic acid in the carbonate of lime of the seaweed.

....It is believed that magnesium will soon be produced at a cost of a shilling an ounce It will then be cheap enough to be used economically for ordinary illumination. When burned in an alchohol flame, it gives one of the most brilliant lights that have yet been produced. The character of it is more like that of the sun than of gas, and is thus far less injurious to the eyes.

....The red color in the lemonade sold in the streets of New York is produced by fuchsine, and sometimes stains the skin and clothing by oozing through the pores. If taken repeatedly, injurious effects would be likely to follow.

....Sugar, starch, and fat are the main heat-producing elements of food. Fat has about twice the calorific power of starch and about 2½ times that of sugar.

Missionary News.

We are glad to learn from the *Missionary Herald* that a good amount of fresh and much-needed vigor has been infused of late into the mission at Erzroom, in Eastern Turkey (150 miles southeast of Trebizond). The church there has long been unfortunate, and the work much hindered from the interruptions of missionary operations and the dessertion of its pastor. There are now three able and faithful missionaries there, and it should never have less. Miss Van Duzee is building up an important female school; while the missionaries have a fine class of a dozen young men, whom they are training up as helpers, and whom they are sending out, two by two, to preach every Sabbath in the villages. There has been a sharp contest to get access to these villages; but they are at last successful, and mean to station helpers next winter in six of these villages. The hardest fight was at Ghan, a large village where the leading Armenians had advised the people to drive away helpers as soon as they appeared. Accordingly, on their first approach, they were pelted with stones and not allowed to enter. The pasha was complained to, and arrested two or three of the rioters, and kept them in prison till the missionaries asked for their release. A room was then engaged for a year, and on the appearance of preachers the next Sabbath the people men kept silent, being afraid of arrest; but the women and children kept up such a hubbub that nothing could be done. Says Mr. Pierce:

"Seeing that no good would result from staying in the village, our forces began to retreat to the city. After retreating a short distance, they sat down by the wayside and began to read, sing, talk, and pray. Soon the crowd became noisy, and they retreated a short distance further, and again began to sing and preach to their pursuers. When they became boisterous, they would again move on. And so they retreated, *in good order*, to the city; but all the while kept up a 'running fire' on the enemy. The English consul thought best to inquire into the matter, and the next Sabbath we had an officer of the Turkish army and four Zabtias to protect us. This completely silenced the enemy; and now we have rented rooms in six different villages, and could rent as many more if we wished."

On his way home Dr. Perkins passed through Erzroom, and was struck with the progress that has been made. He met an audience of 140 souls, larger by half than any he had ever seen there during the 30 years that it has been feebly and fitfully occupied.

....We should judge from an account in the last *Missionary Chronicle* that patience, rather than force, is necessary to get justice for converts from the Chinese officials. Rev. J. Stronach writes from Amoy that,

"After a year's unnecessary delay, the chief mandarin appointed a special commissioner to deputy for the restoration of the premises to the village of San-io, whence our convert, O-tau and his family, had been expelled. We reached the village on the 25th of March—it is distant ten miles from the district city—and the object of our visit was known in the many villages scattered along our route. The head man of the village showed all due submission, and agreed at once to reinstate O-tau in possession of his houses and his 13 acres of ground. O-tau might justly have laid claim to at least $200 as compensation for his unjust banishment from their homes; but, for the sake of peace, he waived his claim, and contented himself with the restoration of his fields and houses. The head man came under obligation to keep him and all other converts from molestation on account of their religion, and guaranteed that no hindrance would be presented to the reopening of the chapel and the holding of the regular services there."

....The foundations of the mission work in Turkey are being well laid, if we can judge from the numbers of the Bible that are sold. Adana has but 33 churchmembers, with a Sabbath audience of 200. There were sold in that field last year about 4,500 piasters' worth of Bibles and Testaments. Considering the deep poverty of the people, this is a cheering fact. Mr. Powers lately visited Severek, in the Oorfa field, and he says: "My servant associated freely with Protestants at their houses, and with all classes at their business places; and noticed with surprise and delight that wherever he went the Bible was read and studied, and was the theme of conversation and discussion in all families. 'Even in the churches' (the business parts of the town), said he, 'the people are reading the Bible in every shop I enter.' In Oorfa, too, the native preacher during the last winter was constantly invited to the houses of Protestants not only, but also to the houses of Armenians, where there would be gatherings of from 40 to 80 persons, all eager to listen to the Word of God. The gatherings have afforded the anspicious opportunity for informal preaching, and the careful study of the divine oracles." At Oorfa, during the past year, 200 have been added to the Protestant community, and the church enlarged by a genuine work of grace.

....Mr. Burbank, of Bitlis, Eastern Turkey writes to the American Board that, during the year, colporteurs have visited 185 of the 500 villages in his field. The church and pastor at Bitlis, after searching examinations, have selected 18 of their most promising young men and put them into the work. They have devoted their lives to the preaching of the Gospel. These men go two and two to the villages on the Sabbath to teach the truth. They work twelve hours in a week toward their support, devoting the rest of the time to study and preparation. Several are studying at their own expense, others receive a small allowance from us. Such a class of helpers, says Mr. Burbank, is one of the greatest joys that

NOTICES.

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, August 19th, 1869.

OUR CELESTIAL NEGRO.

THE Pacific Railroad is a tree of knowledge on the Chinese question, bearing to us each day some new fruitage of valuable information concerning that antique people. Residents of the Atlantic States are now by scores and hundreds enjoying a summer pic-nic in California, where they are looking with eager eyes, not only at the cascades of the Yo Semite Valley, or at the great trees of the Pacific fog-belt, or at the mines of the new Golconda, but also just as curiously at the olive faces of a multitude of Celestial strangers, and are deciding whether to salute them now as men and brethren, and whether they will acknowledge them by and by as citizens and voters. At first the reports from the Chinese in California were made so exclusively by prejudiced enemies of the race that Eastern opinion was forestalled in their disfavor. It was common to hear them decried as quarrelsome, but they are found to be signally peaceful; as thriftless, but they equal the Germans for frugality; as profligate, but they are exemplarily moral; as unapt in useful industry, but they are dextrous in all the useful arts. A New York merchant—a shrewd and sagacious observer—sends us the following letter, giving his impressions after three months of watchful travel through what we may call the "Chinese quarter" of the Republic:

DENVER, COLORADO, July, 1869.

THEODORE TILTON, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir:—I have not overlooked your request that I should write you about the Chinese in California.

Every moment of my time has been so completely occupied that I could not send you any communication on the subject until to-day. Even now you must accept a hurried and brief account.

After conversing with a great many persons, who have employed the Chinese for many years in various capacities (mainly as house-servants and laborers), the testimony is decidedly in their favor; and, so far as I heard, it was universally so.

The large woolen mills in California employ the Chinese almost exclusively.

One of the oldest sea-captains of the Pacific Mail Steamers said to me that on his steamer none but Chinese sailors were employed, and they were the best crew he ever had. He could rely upon them at all times and under the most trying circumstances. He instanced a case of his steamer getting on fire at sea, with hundreds of passengers on board, when the occasion required the utmost promptness, self-possession, and judgment. He found his Chinese sailors equal to the great and sudden emergency. They extinguished the fire without a panic.

Everybody knows they built the Central Pacific Railway.

They are employed in the mines in large numbers.

I have met with no one who has charged them with dishonesty or unfaithfulness; but, on the contrary, they are highly commended for adhering to their agreements.

The Chinese are brought to California by societies or companies, and the Chinaman refunds any arrears to the companies by paying so much per week. Persons in want of Chinese labor go to the agents of these companies, and not to the Chinese themselves. These companies will *guarantee* the good conduct of one or a hundred Chinamen. Who or what company would do that for any *other* immigrants or race?

The Chinese are not a stupid people; once telling them is sufficient. They are very imitative, and quick to learn almost anything. They readily acquire our language, and I have not heard of one who cannot read and write his own. When one remembers that their alphabet contains several thousand letters or characters, to read and write *means something*. It is said that all the males can do so in China, but only a few of the females. Japanese ladies can generally read and write. There are very few Japanese in California. They are a more impulsive people than the Chinese, and not as good merchants.

The Chinese are not particularly attractive in their faces; yet they have a thoughtful, commanding presence, and are said to be fond of humor. They are cleanly in person, industrious, temperate, and frugal. Most of them smoke tobacco, but few use opium. All drink tea. They live at half the expense other laborers do. Fish and rice constitute a large share of their food. They eat fresh pork and chickens a good deal; but use little bread, rice taking its place.

Their singing and instrumental music is monotonous, like the Egyptian and Arabic. The Chinese are opposed by a certain class of laborers because they will work for less wages than themselves. They are also opposed by a political party; but I think it is only for political party purposes, as the leaders of said party readily admit their abilities.

It is said that they have a passion for petty gambling among themselves, and an occasional larceny of chickens, or something of the sort is laid at their doors. Very likely they are not perfect, and they are not Christians by profession; but I think they have as vivid a perception of right and wrong, and practice the same as correctly, as any other people. Innumerable are the instances where they have been hooted and stoned in the streets, robbed and murdered in the mines; but I never heard a case where they themselves committed any such disgraceful or atrocious deeds.

Is it not a shame to us, who profess a better civilization, that, if the worst of men murders the most innocent and most esteemed citizen in the presence of a dozen Chinamen, you cannot convict the felon by their testimony? This is anything but sensible or just.

I think the Chinese further advanced in general learning and in all that makes up an enlightened nation than has generally been supposed. We have much to learn from them. After seeing and talking with great numbers of them, my conclusions about them are that mentally and physically they are the equals of Americans, or of any of the European races, who come from the corresponding strata in life.

I certainly think them equal in intellect, and not so much lower morally as many imagine. They have been shut up and surrounded for centuries by certain customs and ideas; and it is not to be reasonably expected they will change all these in a day or a decade. While they stick to their pig-tails, many readily adopt our style of dress, which tends to show they can be Americanized; and, if we take pains to interest them in our institutions, and grant them the rights of freemen, I can see no reason why we may not safely and heartily welcome them to our shores. Yours truly,

CHARLES STORRS.

There is a great dearth of well-authenticated, honest facts concerning the Chinese question—such facts as the above letter presents and vouches for. The public at large are greatly in the dark as to the character, habits, and idiosyncrasies of our Confucian guests. In California, the whole of one political party and the half of another unite to villify the unoffending Chinaman, and vie with each other in saying to him, "Out, you dog!" It is to the testimony of more disinterested witnesses that we are to look for the impartial truth.

The Chinese question is rapidly coming to a focus. All intelligent American citizens must sooner or later have an opinion concerning it. Like the slavery question in the past, it is to become in the future one of the most exciting controversies in American politics. People who suppose that the Fifteenth Amendment will *ipso facto* establish the civil and political rights of Chinese Americans forget that the amendment covers only the rights of citizens, not of aliens. So long as the California Chinaman remains unnaturalized, he will look up to the Fifteenth Amendment not as to a protecting roof, but as to a shelterless sky. And until such men as Senator Casserly, and those for whose disgracing applause he speaks, shall cease their partisan persecution of a race against whom they allege the self-refuting objection of a too "industrious and peaceful disposition," the Chinese will deserve their naturalization altogether too well to receive it.

There are two ways of solving our Chinese problem. One is by preventing the immigration altogether; which would be an act unworthy of our age and nation. The other is by permitting the immigration, and protecting the immigrant; which is the double dictate both of justice and expediency.

So long as China forbade her ports to foreigners, her name was a byword throughout the civilized world; and, if San Francisco should close her Golden Gate against the Chinese, a similar and equal reproach would fall on ourselves. What would become of our vain-glorious boast that our country is the asylum for the oppressed of all the earth? Who would ever again say on the Fourth of July that our hospitable shores offer a refuge for the down-trodden of all other lands? To issue an edict against the immigration would be a measure so un-American, so unrighteous, so unpardonable that no political party, not even the Democratic, could advocate it and live. It may be set down, therefore, as a sure word of prophecy that the Chinese will continue to come to California—and perhaps as fast as Pacific winds and ships can bear them hither.

The alternative question then demands an answer. How shall these pilgrims be treated in their new country? It is by our national solution to this problem that we are to prove whether we are more Christian than the Pagans. Statesmen are to rise and fall on this approaching issue. It is to make and break Washington reputations. The Chinaman, like the negro, is to be the prolific author of a hundred thousand speeches in the *Congressional Globe*. The Chinaman, like the negro, is to be mobbed in the streets of a hundred American cities. The Chinaman, like the negro, is to be rioted against by the makers of orphans and the burners of asylums. Statesmen who fancy that the Chinese problem is already settling itself to rest like a halcyon sea will witness a storm first. Not without strife is justice done in this world, and particularly in this country. The Chinese controversy, we think, will be angry and short. The American people within a few years past have had some fiery and fearful proofs that the quickest statesmanship, after all, is equity. It is already apparent to thoughtful San Franciscans that to give the Chinese anything less than political justice will put in jeopardy the future peace of the state. Sensible citizens are arguing to themselves, Shall all other men have their rights in this country, and the Chinaman only be denied? Whoever looks forward to such a conclusion misreads the signs of the times. This generation shall not pass away before a man born anywhere on the face of the whole earth may come hither and say, "I am an American citizen." In ten years from the driving of the silver nail into the Pacific Railroad, His Excellency, the Hon. John Chinaman, will be the governor of California. Is this an idle prognostication? As Kossuth was in the habit of saying, "We shall see."

MORE SCAFFOLD SCENES.

PUBLIC executions in the United States have of late developed and begun regularly to exhibit a peculiarity in the system of capital punishment utterly unknown in any other country or any previous age. The legal and public putting to death of a human being has always hitherto been regarded as having about it either the solemnity of a sacrifice or the horror of a murder. It has been reserved for us and our system to make it a comic exhibition, in which the executioner plays the part of a buffoon and the machinery breaks down like that of the first rehearsal of a pantomime. We positively declare that no execution conducted under the orders of Nero, of the Holy Inquisition, of Peter the Great, or of Ali Pacha ever was, in its uttermost hideousness, so outrageously debasing and demoralizing to the beholders as some of the exhibitions we have had lately to notice in this country. It seems now to be a regular part of the programme of these revolting performances that the machinery designed for the destruction of the wretched criminal is to break down one, two, or even three times; that the prisoner is to be half-hanged, like one of Hepenstall's unfortunate victims, before he is quite disposed of; that the rope is to break, and he is to tumble to the ground, and stagger about, and be picked up and accommodated with a chair while his gibbet is being fixed for a new experiment; that the lookers-on are to hoot and chaff the sheriff, and the sheriff to grumble at the too heavy culprit; and that this sort of thing is to be repeated *ad libitum*, until at last, after whatever bungles, the hanging is accomplished. Take, for example, the execution of Charles Orme, at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, last week. The proceedings began by a public wrangle on the scaffold between the criminal on the one side and the sheriff and ex-sheriff on the other. Orme made a speech, in which he complained of the filth of his prison. The sheriff replied and the ex-sheriff replied; and the man about to die rejoined; and a hot argument took place, which must have greatly impressed any of the spectators who had any decent human feeling in them. A Scottish proverb says "it's ill talk between a full man and a fasting"; but surely the debate is still less desirable which goes on between a wretch about to die and those whose odious office it is to execute his death-sentence. This little *divertissement* being over, it occurred to some one that perhaps the one o'clock mail-train might bring a reprieve; and, as it was now only half-past eleven, the prisoner's spiritual advisers recommended a postponement of the proceedings for an hour and a half. The sheriff demurred. Then there was another argument; the upshot of which was that the sheriff yielded, the execution was postponed, the prisoner was taken back to his cell, and the spectators went to dinner. The mail-train brought no reprieve, and therefore the show began again. The sheriff put the noose round the neck of the doomed man, exclaiming to the latter and to the crowd that he was putting it on as comfortably as he possibly could; a benevolent declaration which elicited general hilarity. The spectators, having all had their dinners, were now in capital humor to enjoy the fun of the whole thing. At last the drop fell; and then came what now may be called the regulation business of such scenes. The rope broke, of course, and the prisoner fell floundering to the ground. Everybody rushed toward the scaffold. Orme was set on his feet and his face was uncovered. The unfortunate wretch only exclaimed: "Oh! that this horrible work was over!" The cap was again put over his eyes, a new noose adjusted round his neck, and the drop again fell. This time the rope did not break; but the knot came directly under the victim's chin, instead of round his throat. The bonds of his arms were badly tied; and, while one of the hands was free to cling convulsively to the neck of the dying creature, the other actually grasped hold of the platform, and clutched it so fiercely for several seconds that the grating of the finger-nails against the wood could be distinctly heard by the crowd. Thus the death-agonies of the man were fearfully, hideously prolonged; and this time no attempt was made to readjust the defective arrangements. Orme was left to swing, and struggle, and clutch the platform; until at last exhausted nature gave way, the clinging, despairing fingers relaxed their ghastly hold, the limbs resisted death no more, and there was nothing but a dead body swaying idly at the end of a rope. Twenty-five minutes was the unfortunate creature swinging from that drop, yet alive and struggling, before the end came. Thus was the majesty of law made manifest, and the sacro-sanctity of human life vindicated. Thus were the great lessons of humanity and Christianity illustrated for the edified crowd. Think of the refining, ennobling impression made upon the girls and boys who thronged to see the sight by the worse than barbarous exhibition of that day—an exhibition which no barbarism we have read of ever has rivaled. Even those who are glib to oppose the abolition of capital punishment by repeating the somewhat heartless saying of the Frenchman, that "Messieurs les assassins" ought to begin first, will at least admit that Messieurs les assassins have never surrounded their murders with the revolting and loathsome accompaniments wherewith we now systematically garnish ours.

THE DANGERS OF WEALTH.

IN a former article we pointed out one of the pernicious evils of that extreme poverty which haunts great cities, and is the almost constant attendant of extreme wealth. We showed that the most precious of all increase, infant life, is sacrificed in hecatombs to this Moloch of poverty. But this is only the beginning of sorrows. Suppose these children of misery escape the death that threatens them in what, by a figure of speech, we call their "cradle"; suppose them growing up amid the want and pollution in which their parents live; and what is before them? As soon as their senses are capable of sight and sound, what scenes do they behold! What language do they hear! To what temptations are they exposed! There is hardly a Christian parent but would rather see his own child dead than living in the risk of harm, shame, and guilt which is the natural lot of these poor infants. And see what becomes of them. Out of their ranks come the thieves and murderers, the harlots and shameless villains who infest and poison society. They fill our prisons, hospitals, and almshouses; they are shot in riots, beaten to death by policemen's clubs; freeze in winter, drown in summer; and die of drink, debauch, and disease from one year's end to another. In other countries they starve to death, sometimes by thousands, as they did twenty years ago in Ireland. According to Mr. Trench, a veracious Irish writer, about 200,000 persons died of the famine in Ireland in 1846–7. "They died in their mountain glens," he says, "they died along the seacoast, they died on the roads, and they died in the fields; they wandered into the towns and died on the streets; they closed their cabin-doors and lay down upon their beds, and died of actual starvation in their houses." And, though the horrors of that famine may never be repeated, yet the chronic condition of the whole British poor is growing worse rather than better. Mr. Wallace, an English naturalist, returning to London after eight years spent among the pagan savages of the Malayan Archipelago and the South Sea Islands, expresses some grave doubts whether the whole British community of Christians has attained "any real or important superiority over the better class of savages." And his reason for the doubt is this: "Our vast manufacturing system," he says, "our gigantic commerce, our crowded towns and cities, support and continually renew a mass of human misery and crime *absolutely* greater than has ever existed before."

To the same effect writes Mr. Norton, a cool, considerate New Englander, for the present residing in the mother country and studying its social condition. In his essay on "The Poverty of England," lately published in the *North American Review*, he says: "Millions of people in this country—one of the richest in the world—barely drag out existence upon a pittance insufficient to secure the food necessary for health, living in abodes unfit alike for the physical and the moral needs of life. It cannot be too distinctly stated that the poorer classes have not the power, at present, to raise themselves from the degradation into which they have sunk; it cannot be too well understood that the rich, the prosperous, and the powerful are directly responsible for the worst existing evils of society." And this is the state of things in a country where the Gospel of Christ has been preached for more than thirteen centuries!

England is the embodiment of wealth. "There is no country," says Emerson, "in which so absolute a homage is paid to wealth." While pauperism is increasing—with the most frightful accompaniments of disease, brutality, and crime—the national wealth is increasing too at the rate of more than five hundred millions of dollars in a year. While one in twenty of her people are constantly supported as paupers, and a greater part of the whole number receive public relief in course of their lives, there is wealth enough in the country to support everybody for a single year in complete idleness. The whole income of the English people, considered as individuals, in 1867, was £662,000,000, or about $4,250,000,000 in our currency; but of this more than a sixth part went to 7,500 persons, giving them nearly $100,000 each, while no less than eighteen millions of the population were obliged to subsist on an average of little more than $100 a year.

The Greek fable tells how Heaven requited King Midas for his foolish prayer that everything he touched might turn to gold. When he sat down to meat, his food and drink became gold as he raised them to his lips; and, though he dwelt in the midst of wealth, he saw himself dying with all the miseries of the starving poor. This was indeed the poverty of wealth. And this *is* the condition of England; it may be the condition toward which our country is tending. Never has it been so easy, in the whole history of the world, to accumulate riches as it is for the American citizen to-day. The Stewarts of New York, beginning life in poverty fifty years ago, now boast annual incomes of three millions; the builders of the Pacific Railroad, who were poor men ten years ago, ten years hence are likely to possess riches compared with which the revenues of Stewart will seem small. Millionaires, who used to be rare and remarkable examples of good fortune, are now so common that a village which does not contain at least one feels itself humbled; while the great accumulations of property are now reckoned by tens of millions, and soon will be by billions, perhaps. And along with these great prizes swim thousands of lesser gold-fish—properties of a hundred thousand, of a quarter or a half million—which, without entitling the owners to be called rich in the modern meaning of the word, yet place them in the wealthy class, and enable them, by combination in partnerships and corporations, to wield the influence of millions and tens of millions. These mill-ponds of capital are fast finding the way to turn all the wheels of state and national administration. See by whom our laws are made and executed. By rich men, or the agents and servants of the rich, and chosen oftentimes for that very reason.

The legislation of all the larger states of late years has been controlled by men who own or gamble in railroad stocks. They have said to this lawmaker or that governor, "Come," and he cometh; "Do this," and he doeth it; while the great interests of the mass of the people and the sacred cause of the poor are neglected or sacrificed. And this is an evil rapidly growing. The last ten years have seen it come to dangerous magnitude; and, if it is not checked, ten years more will make it incurable.

Neither can we regard the social results of increasing wealth in America as wholly or mainly good. The old times were not so much better than ours as some suppose; but, at any rate, they gave a slower growth to vice, they furnished a more congenial soil for some of the manliest and gentlest virtues. They made success the result of long and patient toil, and thus impressed upon men's minds the great lesson of God—that labor is the birthright and inevitable duty of all mankind. Thus labor became honorable, and it was reckoned a disgrace to be idle. We carried the notion too far; or, rather, we gave too narrow a definition to the word labor, so that the best work of poets, philosophers, artists, and men of thought got small recognition among us. But the present ease of acquiring wealth is encouraging idleness of the hurtful kind, as well as the leisure necessary for thought and the free motions of genius. And idleness, it is needless to say, is the mother of all vice and misery: it breeds poverty of mind, poverty of heart, and poverty of soul. Nay, since we cannot have an excessively wealthy class without also having a class in extreme poverty, we see two forms of idleness, both pernicious: we have rich idlers and poor idlers—spendthrifts and paupers—and it is hard to say which is the greatest curse to a community. The rich will not work because they need not; the extremely poor will not work because they cannot find what to do. Both choose to be idle; and by that choice are burdensome to the rest of us who do perform some useful labor.

Men would be rich, and so they may. But it should be the wealth of the community, not of the individual; it should be a wealth that excludes poverty, not that creates it. When men understand, as we hope they are coming to understand more and more, that riches should not be a selfish possession, but an estate managed in trust for others—a stewardship, and not an ownership—then we shall see their true beneficence shine forth. No community was ever too rich, if it only knew how to use its riches; no individual need ever be too poor, if the love of mankind for each other is as strong as religion teaches us it should be. Let us seek to control these vast forces of modern wealth and luxury; and make them toil not for the pleasure of a few idlers, nor to gratify the ambition of the powerful, but for the good of the uncounted multitude, our brethren and sisters in the Lord. Then may we say of wealth, as Bacon of knowledge: "'Tis not a couch whereupon to recline a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale: but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."

"SENSUOUS CATERWAULERS."

THE phrase is not ours, but Professor Huxley's. It is a pretty vigorous phrase, and remarkably expressive. Huxley has about as emphatic a way of saying what he means as anybody now speaking our language. Professor Huxley lately delivered a lecture, in which he seems (for we have not ourselves read the lecture) to have inveighed against the tendency of the artistic and literary mind to a worship of mere beauty; and he stigmatized in particular certain "sensuous caterwaulers" who carry this sort of thing to excess. An American critic and *litterateur* has since taken up the cudgels for the worshipers of artistic beauty; and that part of the controversy at least is one that we shall not stop to enter into. Henri Taine says truthfully and tersely that the true Italian mind, for example, is one in which ideal beauty and sensuous happiness are one and the same thing; that is to say, such a mind feels the same rapture in the contemplation of a beautiful painting or statue that an English or American sensualist finds in getting drunk. Well, the worshiper of artistic beauty does not seem in this case to be much the more degraded creature of the two. Passing over that part of the question, however, we are inclined to challenge Professor Huxley's assertion in quite a different way, and to argue that the one great defect of literature, and indeed of art, in our day is the almost total absence of any acknowledgment of a love of beauty. Some one has said that the literature of the present day will not bequeath to posterity a single love-song; and that the art, if not the feeling, which produces love-songs seems to be extinct in England and America. We do not venture to endorse this assertion; but we do think that a cool, practical, sensible indifference to anything like artistic beauty is a prevailing characteristic of the English and American literature of our day. We can only remember one poet of any mark to whom Professor Huxley's stigma of sensuous caterwauling could by any possibility be supposed to apply. Of course, we mean Algernon Swinburne, some of whose effusions fairly deserve the contemptuous words. But even of Swinburne's poems only a very few deserve it; and those by which he won his premature fame do not come within its scope at all. When we have mentioned his name, we have, so far as we know, exhausted the whole list of the sensuous caterwaulers in the English literature of to-day. Where are the others? There is not a line in all Dickens's works which shows that their author ever cared a straw for the noblest work of man's pencil or chisel, or that he is even aware of the existence in other men of that delight in ideal beauty which Henri Taine describes. We do not perceive in his writings any evidence that the soul of Anthony Trollope burns with a passionate love of the beautiful; nor is Charles Reade given to sensuous caterwauling; and the novels and poems of George Eliot have a marble purity and coldness in them. Browning has, indeed, the soul of an artist; but even in him the love of beauty is quite a subordinate and suppressed emotion. Tennyson, certainly, is not open to the charge of sensuousness; and Morris, the only other English poet of the present day worth speaking about, except, perhaps, Mathew Arnold, is rather cold than otherwise in his style. So of English art, as any one can see who has lately visited the Royal Academy's exhibitions, where only Leighton's chaste and poetic forms even remind the world that art once was supposed to be not unworthily engaged in perpetuating images of beauty. We do not observe that things are different on this side of the Atlantic. Our poets are some of them robust, manly, and eloquent; some delicate, tender, sympathetic, sentimental, like the minor poets of Germany; but we cannot remember any single instance in which one of our minstrels (we are not including in our minstrelsy the rough grotesqueries of Walt Whitman) ever allowed his audience to suspect that he recognized in himself or in them any emotion which throbbed at the sight of mere beauty. Hawthorne had, indeed, some genial, exquisite gleams of this emotion; and they help to give his best works a vitality which will probably render them immortal, while they doubtless deprived them of some appreciation in his own day and country. In fact, our people are hardly capable of understanding the sentiment described by Taine and denounced by Huxley; and the English are no better or worse than ourselves in this respect. The story of Phryne and her advocate—so intelligible, so impressive to the Greek mind—it would be hardly possible to get an average English or American reader to understand. He either laughs at it or is shocked by it. Men like Taine, like Higginson, like Mathew Arnold, can, of course, appreciate and understand the Greek worship of the beautiful; but these are men especially remarkable for standing somewhat out of the framework of their age. Those who have seen Gerome's picture know how utterly incapable the French artist showed himself of understanding the Phryne fable, and what a melange of brutality and buffoonery he was capable of producing as an illustration of it. We do not say whether we are not the better for having too little rather than too much of this beauty worship in our literature and art. We do not even say whether the sensuous element is necessary to art at all. A man of somewhat rigid tastes in letters lately declared to us that there was but one great poet in any language who did not occasionally offend him by too much sensuousness, and that that poet is Dante. He objected on this ground, and in all earnestness, not merely to Shakespeare, Ariosto, and Goethe; but to Milton and Schiller. But he readily admitted that no age ever was so nearly free from this element in art as the present; while, of course, he acknowledged that it is also wanting in great artists. Even he could not endorse Professor Huxley's accusation. For good or bad, the sensuous element, as one person will call it—or the love of ideal beauty, as another would prefer to term it—has almost entirely disappeared from our literature and art. We, at least, know not where Professor Huxley's ears were vexed by the sensuous catawaulers whom, if they exist, he properly condemns.

SHOOTING ONE'S FAMILY.

THE sacredness of human life is a lesson hard to be taught in a land where capital punishment is an every-day occurrence. The other day a father shot his own son at night, supposing him to be a burglar. The grief of the old man on seeing what he had done was touching in the extreme. No one can read the story without a feeling of pity for the unwitting author of the tragedy.

The moral of the unhappy event is, Beware how you attempt to take the life of your fellow-man. We are far from holding to the doctrine of non-resistance. Self-defense is oftentimes a solemn duty. War, violence, and bloodshed are not always unjustifiable. But we believe the practice of carrying a pistol in one's pocket by day, or of keeping a loaded carbine at one's bedside by night, defeats the very object which it is supposed to promote; for it makes a man nervous rather than collected, apprehensive rather than firm, and cowardly rather than brave.

If a man is every night reminded, on going to bed, that he has a loaded rifle standing within reach ready to shoot a thief, of course every noise which wakens him naturally leads him to imagine that a robbery is taking place, and his first impulse is to seize his weapon and kill somebody. Suppose, then, he half discerns some moving figure flitting in the darkness into his room or out of it. He does not know whether the person is one of his own family or an interloper. Quite likely he will not stop to ask. He may, as in the case to which we have referred, shoot without reflection, and kill his own son.

If it be said a man has a right to shoot a thief, we answer, A man's house should not be inviting to a thief. A prudent proprietor keeps his money in the bank; not at home. His silver is locked in a burglar-proof safe; not left standing in a pine-board closet. His valuables of whatever sort are put out of the beat of night-wandering rogues. Such a man needs no gunpowder and caps for his bedroom sentinels.

If we ever heard of a burglar acually getting shot, we might not be so explicit against a proper provision for shooting him. But, in nine cases out of ten, when the startled sleeper's gun is fired, it either hits nobody at all or else the wrong man. And experience teaches that the practice of keeping loaded fire-arms on one's person or by one's bed is generally foolish, often dangerous, and sometimes pitifully fatal.

Editorial Notes.

IT is beyond question that the New York *Times* has a new editor. This fact is apparent in the changed tone—even in the changed look—of the paper. Its editorials show a certain decisiveness of opinion which was not characteristic of Mr. Raymond. Moreover, the "Minor Topics" have been discontinued—or, rather, continued more in the style of *The Tribune's* "brevier" paragraphs. Good evidence exists that Mr. Raymond bequeathed his helm to a master-pilot. But *The Times* itself has uttered no word concerning the change of dynasty. We are at a loss to understand why Mr. Bigelow's accession has not been frankly announced by *The Times*. When the president of a bank dies, his successor is respectfully proclaimed by the board of directors; when a member of Congress vacates his post, the next incumbent does not find his name withheld from the public records of that body; when a general retires from his command, the new commander is honorably published to the army. But *The Times* has taken its new editor as if by stealth. Apparently the proprietors of that journal have not wished the public to know that Mr. Bigelow is sitting in Mr. Raymond's chair. On the day before Mr. Bigelow's assumption of office, the editorial columns of *The Times* might have given him a fit and graceful welcome; but they were dumb to the event. As the case now stands, *The Times* appears to be edited by a gentleman on probation, whose editorship the proprietors do not care to confess, and whose term of service, like that of one of his own reporters, may terminate at the close of a week or a month. This is mistaken tactics. Such a course detracts something from the just dignity both of the editor and the journal. While Mr. Raymond's death was still a fresh grief in *The Times* office, it was decorous and honorable that the paper should continue to be conducted as if he were alive. But we think *The Times* pays a doubtful compliment to its dead founder by passing over the name of his successor in dead silence.

....In the interesting volume of sketches of European travel by the late Edward Gould Buffum, which we noticed a few weeks ago, there are some remarks on the number of men of color who hold a distinguished position in France. At the head of the list is placed Alexandre Dumas, who undoubtedly must be classed with men of color by virtue of his mother's race and his own features, although his father was a distinguished French general. Of course, the colored blood runs likewise in the veins of Dumas the Younger, author of the famous "Dame aux Camelias" and many other successful works. Among literary men who are either negroes or mulattos are, also," says Mr. Buffum, "Eugene Chapus, a native of Guadaloupe, a pleasing and refined writer, at present the principal editor of the journal *Le Sport Francais*; M. Felicien Malleville, a romancer and dramatist, author of the *Memoirs de Don Juan Les Sept Enfants de Lara*, and a comedy entitled *Le Cœur et la Dot*, which since 1853 has held a position upon the boards of the *Comedie Francaise*; M. Auguste Lacaussade, a distinguished poet, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and principal editor of the *Revue Europeenne*; M. Victor Sejour, a native of New Orleans, a dramatic author of considerable celebrity, and an officer of the Legion of Honor; M. Melvil Bonchard, a most agreeable, pleasing writer, whose articles appear in the *Courier du Dimanche*, the *Siecle*, and the *Journal des Economistes*, in which he has recently published a remarkable article upon Hayti. The founder of the *Journal des Ecoles*, M. Bloncourt, while still a student, defended the cause of the enfranchised slaves against the colonial reaction. M. Bloncourt has recently written for the *Biographie Universelle* the lives of celebrated men of color in all countries. M. Caraby, of New Orleans, is one of the most brilliant advocates of the bar of Paris. M. White, of Cuba, the son of a negress, received the first prize as a violinist from the Conservatoire de Musique, in 1856. M. de la Nux, also the possessor of a first prize from the Conservatoire, is a pianist of great skill and celebrity. In the French army, at this time, are several men of color: among them M. Virgile, an eleve of the Ecole Polytechnique, colonel of artillery, and chevalier of the Legion of Honor; M. Lazare de Lance, captain of cuirassiers; M. Guillot Roux, captain of zouaves; M. Bonscaren, lieutenant in the line; M. Beville, lieutenant of hussars; and M. Bores, captain in the French navy." The ecclesiastical profession also contains many men of distinction. This is a remarkable list. Whatever the cause, it is certain that colored men have not made the same way in England, or indeed any other European country. In the colleges at Rome there have been many distinguished scholars who had African blood in their veins, and some who were pure Africans; but the equality which is the basis of all French political institutions since the Revolution seems to give the colored man his best chance and to call out his highest faculties.

....Dolfi, the famous Florentine baker and patriot, is dead. Dolfi was in his way as remarkable as Cincinnatus, and was as thoroughly identified with the Florence of our day as Lorenzo de Medici with that of another time. Every patriotic movement was led by Dolfi; every association for the education or advancement of the working classes had his guidance and co-operation. He was an unselfish, unambitious, clear-headed Masaniello; a modest, judicious Rienzi; a demagogue of the best class and in the word's best sense; and withal he was nothing better than a baker, attending to his shop and selling his bread. It was in great measure to his impulse and to his guidance that the success of the Florentine revolution of 1859, much, of course, was owing to the patriotic, stern, aristocratic Baron Ricasoli; but much too to the baker, Dolfi. When Victor Emanuel in person offered to confer some title of honor on Dolfi, the sturdy baker declined it, saying, in language worthy of the grandest, simplest days of old Rome, that his business in life was to bake good bread and to serve his country. After the Manins, Mazzinis, Cavours, and Garibaldis, recent years have produced for Italy no greater citizen than Dolfi, the baker of Florence.

...."Faithful are the rebukes of a friend," says Solomon. Somebody has sent us an article from *The Amsterdam Recorder*, from which we clip the following incomprehensible paragraph:

"Neither are Mr. Tilton's waggeries very generous nor well-timed. A chief magistrate of the United States, in a dying condition—his wife an invalid, driven to seclusion by vulgar taunts against her husband—is not a butt for ridicule in a Christian print; especially while, whatsoever may have been the imputed errors of his judgment, he stands confessed an honest man in a corrupt generation, and (as Mr. Tilton must know better than most men ought to know and to remember) one of the most accomplished writers of his age."

We have read the above paragraph three times over, and are unable to decipher or even to guess at its meaning. We conclude, on the whole, that it must be a conundrum, and as such have given it up.

.... The Emperor Napoleon has lost a valued soldier and servant by the death of Marshal Niel. No man did work of greater importance in the closing part of the Crimean campaign, and it was the energy and judgment of Niel which in great measure brought about the victories in Lombardy. Lately he had rendered to France the service—perhaps it may prove but a doubtful one in the end—of reorganizing her army so as to prepare her for any work of aggression which imperial necessities or ambition may require. Niel was devoted to the Emperor, who will beyond all doubt sincerely lament his loss. He will not rank in history with the best of the First Napoleon's great marshals; but as a skilled, a brave, and a faithful soldier he will have his honored record.

....We hear with great pleasure of the continued success of the Rev. J. W. Hough in his ministry to the Congregational church at Jackson, Mich. Within a year and a half nearly one hundred and thirty persons have united with the church. Mr. Hough is a zealous and able minister, and makes his pulpit a power. His liberal and catholic spirit wins for him the friendship of all good men in Jackson, of whatever denomination. If he shall succeed in retaining his health, he will sooner or later find himself one of the most influential clergymen of the West.

Personal.

WE have already mentioned the fact that the vacant presidential chair of Michigan University does not lack for willing presidential candidates. Among those prominently put forward (we do not mean by themselves, but by their friends) are Maj.-Gen. Dix, (who probably would not accept the place); Prof. Seelye, of Amherst College, (who, if he remains at Amherst, will sooner or later be the president of that institution); Dr. Joseph Haven, of the Chicago Theological Seminary (who is one of the ablest men in the Northwest); President Angell, of the University of Vermont, (who is doing nobly in his present station); Rev. Dr. Spear, of Brooklyn, (who would be an admirable man for the post); and Gen. Halbert E. Paine, representative in Congress from the Milwaukee district. The presidency of Michigan University is a post of equal usefulness and honor, and the man who is chosen ought to be one with a head on his shoulders and a heart in his breast. We hope to see the daughters as well as the sons of Michigan admitted to the university; and we hope that no candidate who opposes the co-education of the sexes will have any chance of election. The regents have now a good opportunity to serve the cause of education, and we hope they will be wise in their choice.

....Among the papers of the late Mr. Henry J. Raymond was an autobiographical reminiscence of his first acquaintance with Mr. Greeley—an acquaintance which led to Mr. Raymond's career as a journalist. This fragment was published exactly as it was found, "with all its imperfections on its head." It had evidently been thrown off at a heat—in that extremely fluent and facile style for which its writer was distinguished—and needed the revision which, had he lived, he undoubtedly would have made before committing it to type. In some places it was ungrammatical, in others obscure. But its spirit was admirable. The whole narrative showed the interior and abiding respect which the author always entertained toward his chief rival, the editor of *The Tribune*, and the head of American journalism. Moreover distinctly confessed that Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed never sufficiently acknowledged Mr. Greeley's unequaled services to a party which, for its many successes, has always owed to him more than to any other man. We hope that more papers of a similar retrospective nature may yet be found among Mr. Raymond's literary remains; though we do not see in this sketch sufficient evidence to warrant *The Times* in intimating that he designed it as a part of a formal autobiography.

....The Rev. William W. Patton, D.D., of Chicago, (editor of *The Advance*), preached on Sunday morning last in the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, in Brooklyn. The audience was small; but this was not owing to any apprehended heterodoxy in the preacher, but to an oppressive sultriness in the weather. In fact, the summer heats always make Brooklyn, at this season of the year, a huge "deserted village." If our venerable guest from Chicago (who early inherits his father's gray hairs) will come to the same pulpit at a more salubrious season, he will be saluted by a more multitudinous congregation. It gives us pleasure to certify that Dr. Patton's discourse was unexceptionable to Evangelical Christians. It took no latitudinarian liberty with "the authoritative rule of faith and practice." Indeed, we are constrained to say that, into whatever lapses from true orthodoxy *The Advance* may sometimes unwittingly fall, its editor remains always a frank, earnest, and honest man.

....We lately had an office visit from the Rev. E. P. Powell, pastor of the Congregational church in Adrian, Mich. He is now on a vacation in the East. Mr. Powell's friends will be gratified to know that, though not in robust, he is nevertheless in enjoyable health. Mr. Powell is one of the finest spirits in the whole Congregational denomination. He is one of those advanced thinkers (too few in number) who redeem the Evangelical ministry from the charge of narrowness and conservatism.

....Mr. Stephen Massett, on Sunday last, for the benefit of St. Mary's Episcopal church, Lake Mohegan, near Peekskill, delivered a sermon from the text "Nothing but Leaves," Matthew 21, verse 19. Is our friend about "taking orders"?

....President White, of Cornell University, after a brief vacation at the seaside, finds himself in such excellent health and spirits that he is going back to his work before the hot season ends.

....Alice Cary and Mary Clemmer Ames have joined a little company of sea-nymphs, who every day dip their tresses in the surf of Long Branch.

....Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, is sojourning awhile in New York, at the house of his friend, Mr. J. M. Bundy, editor of *The Evening Mail*.

....Grace Greenwood is in Brooklyn, the guest of Mr. James H. B

The Independent.

KATY-DID.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

Rest your chatter, gossipy shrew,
Pipe no more that querulous lay;
Scores of babblers as busy as you,
Trading on quits as thin capital, too,
Borrow your note to scold their say,
Garrulous Katy-did.

Was it you taught them their spiteful strain,
Running the gamut of slanderous song—
You, with your positive, crisp refrain,
Shrilly insisted again and again?
How could you do us so sore a wrong,
Mischievous Katy-did?

Hour by hour the grasses lie
Drinking the mellow August sun,
Droning bees at their work go by,
Skipping crickets and grasshoppers shy;
Where lurk you till the day is done,
Sly Mistress Katy-did?

Snuggled close in your drowsy bed,
Nursing impossible news for true?
Morbid fancies are seldom bred
Out in the light with the sky overhead;
We human croakers have taken your cue,
Possibly, Katy-did?

Sweet the night, were it not for you;
Soft the air, but your note is rough.
How did the cruel scandal grow?
What did naughty Katy do?
And haven't you punished her quite enough?
Answer me, Katy-did.

But if it was you, tart little crone,
Taught us gossips to sputter and stab,
We've shown a marvelous knack, you'll own,
Slaying our scores of good folk to your one—
Apt at catching the "gift o' gab,"
Eh, my Katy-did?

Stay! It just occurs to me here,
With, I confess, a tickle of shame,
What if it presently should appear—
A turn of the tables provokingly queer—
We were the first to begin the game,
Mimicsome Katy-did?

Ah, the shoe's on the other foot!
Poor human nature may drop the head!
Why shouldn't you wee pigmies hoot,
Stinging the air with your tiny toot?
I guess the gossips wouldn't be dead,
If ye were, Katy-dids.

So, if you'll only pardon us first
The shabby trick we've played you so long,
You shall scold your weak, diminutive worst,
And screech your hoarse treble until you do burst,
And we'll always admire your wonderful song,
So very like ours, Katy-did!

PROF. WATSON'S PARTY OF OBSERVATION.

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

NEARLY all the scientific parties sent out by the Government to observe the recent eclipse were accompanied by reporters, who have already given to the public their descriptions of what occurred, whether celestial or terrestrial. It happened, however, that the large party sent to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, under the direction of Prof. Watson, of Michigan University, escaped the attentions of the brethren of the quill; and, in consequence, no popular report has been made of their proceedings. From a gentleman prominently connected with the party we have received the following details.

The party consisted of Prof. Watson, Prof. Van Vleck, and Mr. Johnston, of Middletown, Conn.; Prof. Merriman and Mr. McIntire, of Ann Arbor; and Prof. Pickering, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: and as photographers, Prof. Henry Morton, editor of the "Journal of the Franklin Institute"; Messrs. Wilson, Cremer, and Clifton, of Philadelphia; Mr. Garver, of New York; and Mr. Carbutt, of Chicago.

These gentlemen arrived at Mt. Pleasant several days before the eclipse; and during the whole time of their stay there were treated with unusual courtesies both by the civic authorities and by private citizens. In fact, everything was done by the good people of Mt. Pleasant which could contribute to the comfort and facilitate the labors of their scientific guests. The enclosed grounds of the Henry County Agricultural Society, lying about a mile from the town, were assigned to them; apartments were there fitted up for their use; carriages constantly plying between the hotel and the grounds were placed at their disposal; and the citizens vied with each other in the proffer of hospitable attentions. These are tokens of civilization which it is a public benefit to chronicle.

As the hour for the great event drew near the people flocked out of the town and stood near to the enclosure, on the supposition that the place selected by the *savans* would have some special advantages in connection with the approaching spectacle. A few people were admitted to the grounds; besides certain members of the lower orders—to wit, some cows and a hen and chickens, whose behavior under the circumstances was watched with quite as much curiosity as the eclipse itself. Quiet and good order everywhere prevailed. The coming event cast its shadow of awe and solemnity upon the minds of all.

At just three minutes before the time of the eclipse, Professor Watson announced to the people its near approach, and gave the signal to his assistants to commence counting time on the chronometer. The people—who evidently looked upon the Professor as a gigantic showman, clothed with great authority over the sun and moon and the heavenly bodies generally—paid the appropriate deference to his proclamation, and held their breaths for the performance to begin.

It was not without an emotion of exultant pride in the powers of the human mind that the observers beheld the stupendous event appear within ten seconds of the time predicted so long ago.

Every member of the party had his special duty assigned to him; and, of course, those were moments of intense activity for all. Professors Van Vleck and Pickering made observations with the spectroscope; the records of which were noted with great facility and accuracy by Mrs. Belle Mansfield, of Mt. Pleasant, who also greatly assisted the party by drawing admirable diagrams for marking the relative positions of the phenomena. Professor Mansfield recorded the readings of the aneroid barometer. The photographers were also constantly at work, and succeeded in getting perfect copies of the swiftly-changing scene.

At the instant of totality, as the last rays of the sun disappeared, the corona flashed out with great brilliancy; and from behind the moon's lower limb a crimson prominence was distinctly visible to the naked eye. At this stage the darkness was about equal to that of a night with the moon at the first quarter; only the sky had a different appearance, being of a dark blue tint, and being illuminated near the horizon by light reflected from the portion of the earth outside of the shadow. Venus, Mercury, Saturn, and Mars were in full sight to the unassisted eye; as well as Arcturus, Vega, and other stars.

The effect of light on the appearance of the group of observers, even before the eclipse became total, was peculiar; the secondary shadows in the face, which give to us the features, did not exist; and thus the faces looked cadaverous and uncartlily. Of course, over the entire landscape was thrown that strange spectral light which is so impressive to the observer, and which people persist in calling "weird"—principally because their knowledge of that word, like the light they wish to describe, is very uncertain.

It is probable that many persons within the enclosure found their interest enhanced by permitting the eye to turn from heaven to earth, and from observing the movements of the sun and moon to watching the phenomena which it was hoped would be presented by the cows and the old hen and her chickens. Many who had read Fennimore Cooper's rather stilted and fantastic account of the eclipse which occurred sixty years ago expected unusual entertainment from the cattle. But the unimpassioned beasts failed to show off any antics. Instead of bellowing with terror, and racing about the field to find a hiding place, they complacently munched the grass till the full darkness came on, and then stood motionless, as if they were not in the least surprised. If persons expected them to behave in a manner not befitting this age of science, such persons were considerably deluded. The hen and chickens, however, were more obliging. They were, evidently, completely sold by the darkness; and, thinking it was night, they withdrew to the protection of the fence, and went regularly to bed.

The conduct of the vast throng of human spectators was what might have been anticipated. No wonder that, before the people were correctly informed as to astronomical processes, an eclipse was a dire event, freighted with dismay to the world. Even yet, with all our knowledge of its simplicity and harmlessness, it cannot be viewed without awe, and in many cases without a kind of dim, heart-oppressing fear. On this occasion, as the darkness came on, there was profound stillness every where; but when the corona flashed forth with such a sudden glory the solemn delight of the multitude showed itself in a universal murmur, as though they would greet the august performance with respectful applause. The boys, however, could not be restrained, and gave vent to their satisfaction, as they would at the circus, with lusty cheers.

In connection with the great and formal preparations made at Mt. Pleasant for observing the eclipse, with the presence in the town of so many distinguished strangers, it was but natural that the general attention would be strongly aroused, and that many amusing side incidents would occur. One good man went round the town for days beforehand, and denounced the impiety of all these scientific proceedings. They were profanely attempting to pry into God's secrets; and he had veiled his sun in anger in order to baffle them. The cloudy weather which continued up to the last day seemed to give some support to his declarations; but, notwithstanding his assurance that God would keep the rain agoing, and prevent the use of their irreligious telescopes, the day cleared off with the utmost splendor, and in the most obliging manner. Another local prophet announced that the eclipse was a judgment upon the world for its abominations, and that the path of its shadow over the earth would be marked by utter blight. His idea being, doubtless, that that path was a sort of isothermal line of wickedness. It was amusing, also, to notice with what happy confidence many excellent people regarded these learned visitors. One citizen was heard saying to another: "They will hardly succeed in getting any observations to-morrow—it's so cloudy." "Fie, fie!" replied the other; "these scientific fellows know what they are about. You don't suppose they would have come all the way out here if they hadn't known that the weather was going to be clear."

And, sure enough, the sky brushed away its garb of mourning just in time to confirm the popular impression that Professor Watson and the Clerk of the Weather are intimate friends, each of whom is always ready to do a good turn for the other.

OUR correspondent from Omaha takes us to task for publishing the statement that this youngest and largest of the Western mushroom shelters under its fungous shadow but three church buildings. He says: "There are to be seen by any observer here 2 Catholic churches, 3 Episcopal, 3 Methodist (one colored), 2 Presbyterian, 1 Congregational, 1 Disciple, 1 Lutheran, 1 Baptist—making in all 14; besides which many other isms have their organizations here, and, as you say, 'worship where they can.' Many of these church edifices would be respectable, even in your famous 'city of churches'; being furnished, as our modern Christianity have it, with all late improvements in machinery for the worship of God, without the assistance or cooperation of the congregation or priest." Pardon us, good critic! No doubt you are right. But could you expect us to anticipate the 11 church erections that would take place between the time when our information was first gathered in Omaha and the day when it would be carried back to that "20,000 city"? We are quite open to conviction that by the time this paper reaches Omaha its population will be 40,000 and its church-spires will outnumber the masts in New York harbor.

Publisher's Department.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

WE noticed last week, in these columns, the report of the special committee appointed to examine the assets of this great institution; but made a grave mistake in naming another corporation in the *title* or heading of our article. Our readers will, therefore, please understand that special reference was then made to the "Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York"; and we again invite every reader of this journal who is interested in life insurance, or who would like to know how between *thirty and forty millions of dollars* entrusted to the care and guardianship of fallible men *can be safely managed*, to read the two-column advertisement of this institution, in another column. As for ourselves, we feel, as American citizens and New Yorkers, proud of this noble institution, illustrating as it does what can be *safely* done in a business involving such immense interests. No human being could possibly compute with figures the great damage which would be sustained by carelessness or bad management in such a corporation; and the clear and able report in question shows conclusively that the vigilant and faithful officers and trustees of the "Mutual Life" do not intend to be found wanting in integrity, fidelity, or unceasing care to protect the interests of the tens of thousands with whom they are so intimately connected.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

ANY person who will obtain four new subscribers, and send us the money, ten dollars, will be presented with both engravings as a reward for his or her services. Each of the new subscribers thus obtained, of course, will receive both engravings also. Any active person, male or female, it is believed, can obtain these presents for an hour's work.

We want *all our subscribers* to have this premium, and we think an average of fifteen minutes' work from each will secure it —value $4. Pretty good pay. Send us your orders.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

OLD subscribers, not in arrears, who do not care to take the trouble to obtain *one new subscriber*, may have the splendid engravings of Grant and Colfax by renewing their subscriptions for *two years*, and sending us *five dollars*. We prefer, however, one new subscriber, and $2 50

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

FINANCIAL APPEAL.

THE Association commenced the year with a burdensome debt. The year closes Sept. 30; and, unless the debt is speedily and materially reduced, it must seriously cripple the work of the coming and future years.

This debt does not represent a mere expenditure, but *property* secured to the work essential to progress, and worth four times the indebtedness. It is the result of prosperity, and brought about by a providential concurrence of events, never likely to be repeated. The duty of training teachers and missionaries from among the Freedmen themselves was apparent, and necessitated permanent institutions. This required the co-operation of the Bureau. By its aid the property has been secured, and the schools established; and they are already sending forth teachers, and will yearly add more and more to the four hundred we have employed for the last three years in the South. Valuable church property, in buildings already erected or in process of erection, has been provided.

While this debt remains we cannot take advantage of these widely-extended facilities. We must find relief either in the large-hearted liberality of the friends of Christ or in a merciless retrenchment.

What shall we do? Friends of the Freedmen, the work is yours. We are your agents. The educational work was never more prosperous; the church work never so promising. Shall we suffer the field to lie waste, or occupy it for God and humanity? We must wait for your answer. Every thousand dollars, every dollar contributed to our present relief is so much given to the work of another year.

Fifty thousand dollars, in addition to our ordinary receipts for the year, will relieve our treasury, and give activity along the whole line of our operations in the South. These are the facts. We are persuaded that a prompt, vigorous, and united effort of ministers, churches, Sabbath schools, and individuals will accomplish this great object. Shall the Freedmen be gladdened and God be glorified by a result so blessed?

G. WHIPPLE,
M. E. STRIEBY, } Sec'ys.

53 JOHN ST., NEW YORK.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

WE have executed all the orders sent to us for the Grant and Colfax steel engravings up to this date. We shall hereafter fill those sent us within *one week* after their receipt, and in the order in which they are registered on our books. We hear but one opinion in regard to these engravings. "They are splendid." "They are perfect." "They are magnificent." "They are alone worth *twice* the cost of THE INDEPENDENT." "How can you afford to give them both away for one new subscriber?" "I shall tell all my friends and neighbors what a splendid gift you offer." Such is the talk of our subscribers and friends who have seen or received these engravings. Ritchie, the artist, never has done himself more credit, and never has produced better likenesses. Those who order them, we *positively guarantee*, shall be perfectly satisfied, or they may return them at our expense, any time within ten days after their receipt, and we will refund the money and cancel the subscriptions. We mean one and all shall say that this present is the best and most valuable ever made in the country as a premium for *one* subscriber. We expect to give them away by *tens of thousands*. Reader, send us one new subscriber, and get them, and then tell us plainly whether we have spoken extravagantly.

RITCHIE'S ENGRAVING.

"AUTHORS OF THE UNITED STATES."

WE are now prepared, with a fresh supply, to fill orders for this celebrated engraving as fast as received. We have already delivered this great premium to more than *one thousand* subscribers, and the demand continues unabated. Every mail brings more orders. Specimens are on exhibition at our office, and it is a wonder to all who see them "how such a splendid premium can be *given away* for four subscribers." It is a picture which, in any position, will *always* attract attention; for it contains the faces of many of the ablest and best known Americans. When hung upon the wall, no person can fail to notice and admire it. We are sending them, upon the terms proposed, into every part of the United States and into Canada, also to Europe. We ask our friends in every neighborhood *promptly* to avail themselves of our liberal offer. We positively *guarantee entire satisfaction* in every case, or the money will be refunded and the subscriptions canceled. We believe this engraving to be the most beautiful and most valuable present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

WE are now sending out through the post-office the splendid *steel* engravings of Grant and Colfax, by Ritchie, the celebrated artist. The orders are being executed in the order in which they were received, as registered on our books.

We respectfully ask every person receiving these valuable presents to show them to their friends and neighbors, and ask them one and all to send on their subscription, and obtain them. *Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.* The presents alone are richly worth twice the subscription price of the paper. $2 50 obtains *both* engravings and THE INDEPENDENT for one year. Such inducements for single subscribers were never offered before by any paper in America.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

We mean our readers shall understand that there is no humbug in our premium-list—that what we represent we mean *literally*; hence the immense number of orders that are now daily and by *every mail* pouring in upon us.

Reader, look over again our tempting offers, and see if anything is wanted. If you have not already ordered the engravings of Grant and Colfax on the liberal terms proposed, let us hear from you at once. The print-stores would charge *four dollars* for these two engravings, or nearly fifty per cent. more than we ask ($2 50) for THE INDEPENDENT for one year, with your the engravings included. Send alongboth orders.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

EXPERIENCED canvassing agents, male or female, who are desirous of obtaining employment by the month in any section of the country, and on liberal terms, will please apply by letter or in person at this office. Competent and reliable persons are wanted to distribute the Grant and Colfax engravings on the liberal terms proposed. From $2 to $5 per day can be easily made. Best references required.

AGENTS WANTED.

IN every town and village we want agents to distribute the Grant and Colfax steel engravings. For every *four* new subscribers sent us, with the money ($10), we will present to the agent obtaining them *both* engravings, worth $4, besides giving them to *each* new subscriber thus obtained. Reader, give us your first leisure hour, and secure this beautiful present.

Grant and Colfax!

WANTED!

ONE
HUNDRED THOUSAND
NEW SUBSCRIBERS.
FOR
The Independent.

The most valuable inducement ever presented in America for SINGLE
NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

A new and popular gift, which everybody will want.

EVERY LOYAL FAMILY IN AMERICA

will want this Premium.

SPLENDID OFFER.
ENGRAVING BY RITCHIE.

We have ordered and received from RITCHIE, the celebrated Engraver, the steel plates for a NEW, ORIGINAL, FINE STEEL ENGRAVING of

President GRANT
AND
Vice-President COLFAX,

both the most

Perfect Likenesses

of them ever published.

The engraving of Grant is a

MASTERPIECE OF ART,

which truly and faithfully represents our greatly-honored

PRESIDENT

as a citizen, in citizen's dress, as he appeared at his

INAUGURATION.

The engraving of the Vice-President is also a wonderful likeness, surpassing anything of the kind ever seen of Mr. Colfax.

The size of each of the steel plates is *fourteen* by *eighteen* inches, and the engraving or picture ready for framing *nineteen* by *twenty-four* inches

These engravings we will warrant, both of them, to give

PERFECT SATISFACTION

to everybody ordering them, or the money will *positively* be refunded.

They are intended to take the place and entirely supersede the *trashy* pictures now flooding the country. They will be wanted in

EVERY FAMILY,
EVERY PARLOR,
EVERY LIBRARY,
EVERY OFFICE,
EVERY STORE

In the Country.

Both of these splendid premiums offered to all

OLD SUBSCRIBERS

FOR ONE NEW NAME.

We ask every subscriber on our books to send us one new name, with the money ($2 50), when we will forward by mail

BOTH ENGRAVINGS

postage paid, to any post-office where overland rates are *not* charged; or deliver them at our office.

We believe this the most splendid and valuable present ever made in America for

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.

These Engravings are intended especially as a present to our *Old Subscribers*. To all such we will present *both* of these Engravings for every new name sent us; or we will present them to any old subscriber, *not in arrears*, on renewing his subscription for *two* years, and sending us $5 00.

These beautiful engravings cannot be had of any other party. The plates are owned by us, and the engravings will be held by us exclusively. Those who do not wish to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, and desire to purchase either of these engravings, can have them at

Two Dollars Each,

or Three Dollars for both—the cash to accompany the order.

We shall register the orders as received, and deliver the engravings in accordance therewith.

A limited number of Artist's Proofs, signed by Ritchie, are reserved. Price $3 each, or $8 for both; or they will both be given away as a premium for four new subscribers, or either one of them for two new subscribers.

Send Your Orders.

Address
HENRY C. BOWEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
"THE INDEPENDENT,"
Box 2787, New York.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The standard literary magazine of the country, with a corps of contributors unexcelled by any magazine in the world. "An honor to American literature." We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *Atlantic Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*) who will send us $5.50; or we will send the *Atlantic Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Monthly*—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy.

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *The Galaxy* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The Galaxy*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *The Galaxy* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Hearth and Home,

an Illustrated Weekly of sixteen large handsome pages, for the Farm, Garden, and Fireside, edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, meets with universal favor from all classes of readers in town and country.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Hearth and Home* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Hearth and Home*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Hearth and Home* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book,

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House' as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), orto any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S

Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled

"Authors of the United States."

HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 25 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING, BANCROFT,
BRYANT, PARKE GODWIN,
COOPER, MOTLEY,
LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORNE,
MISS SEDGWICK, CURTIS,
MRS. SOUTHWORTH, EMERSON,
MRS. SOUTHWORTH, E. H. DANA
MITCHELL, MARGARET FULLER
WILLIS, (OSSOLI).
HOLMES, CHANNING,
KENNEDY, MRS. STOWE,
MRS. MOWATT RITCHIE, MRS. KIRKLAND,
ALICE CAREY, WHITTIER,
PRENTICE, LOWELL,
G. W. KENDALL, BOKER,
MORRIS, BAYARD TAYLOR,
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J. K. PAULDING, RICHARD,
HAWTHORNE, MRS. AMELIA WELBY,
SIMMS, GALLAGHER,
F. PENDLETON COOKE, GOZZENS,
HOFFMAN, HALLECK.
PRESCOTT,

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $4,500, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—except to places where *overland rates* are charged. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Crover & Baker
SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR

1869.

Sewing Machines Given Away
BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER
TO
Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER,
AND TO EVERY PERSON
Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of he machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers*. On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be made comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time.

There are very few purchasable *household* articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest on the investment; but among them we must put down first a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress, with exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, the benevolent to the poor, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of hands; but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best*; because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER,
No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

NOTICES.

FINANCIAL PROSPECTS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

THERE is reason to fear that the Prudential Committee will be obliged to report a considerable deficiency at the next annual meeting. During the eleven months of the present year, September 1, 1868, to August 1, 1869, the donations and legacies have fallen $12,798 below those of the corresponding period last year. The loss in *donations* is $16,344, nearly all of which occurred in July.

The Committee are disappointed, but not despondent. They have entire confidence in the *ability*, as also in the *willingness*, of the churches to save the Board from pecuniary embarrassment. Their only fear is that the needful endeavors will not be put forth. They beg leave, therefore, to request all pastors and others who look after the benevolence of the churches to obtain, if possible, a contribution equal to the one made last year, and to forward it to the treasurer by September 1, or at the latest September 6.

And they are constrained to ask of their friends as the God of missions has especially qualified to devise liberal things for the heathen whether they are not called *to a higher privilege in this regard*. A serious indebtedness at the close of the present year will be *particularly unfortunate and embarrassing*.

S. B. TREAT, Home Secretary.
Missionary House, Boston, August 12, 1869.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.—The annual meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. will be held at Pittsburg, Pa., commencing on Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 10 o'clock P. M. Members and friends of the Board who desire to attend, and who entertainment, are requested to apply by letter to Rev. F. A. Noble, Pittsburg, Pa., Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, as early as the 15th of September. For further information see the cover of the *Missionary Herald* for September, last page.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Three Cord Silk Finish
AND
Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and have expended a MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread, which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
Sole Agents in New York,
101 CHAMBERS ST.

George Opdyke&Co
BANKERS,
NO. 25 NASSAU STREET,

offer for sale the following desirable securities:

NEW YORK, OSWEGO, AND MIDLAND RAILROAD first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds, free of Government tax, principal and interest payable in gold. Price par and accrued interest in currency.

MOBILE AND MONTGOMERY RAILROAD, first mortgage, 8 per cent. bonds. Price 85 and accrued interest.

MISSOURI VALLEY RAILROAD, first mortgage 7 per cent, GOLD BONDS. Price 92½ and accrued interest in currency.

BONDS of the COUNTY OF LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, 10 per cent., free of tax, strongly guaranteed. Price par and accrued interest.

Also 7 per cent. BONDS of CITY OF OSWEGO.

The attention of investors is invited to these well-secured Bonds, and upon application full information will be furnished.

HARVEY FISK

Office of FISK & HATCH,
Bankers and Dealers in Gov'nt Securities,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

We receive the accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on balances. We make collections on all points in the United States and Canada, and issue Certificates of Deposit available in all parts of the Union.

We buy and sell, at current rates, all classes of Government Securities, and the Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company; also Gold and Silver Coin and Gold Coupons.

We buy and sell at the Stock Exchange miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds, on commission, for cash.

We offer also the United States Six-per-cent. Thirty-Year Currency Bonds, issued in aid of the Pacific Railroad, which are widely esteemed by moneyed corporations, as the longest Six-per-cent. Government Bond in the market.

Communications and inquiries by Mail or Telegraph will receive attention.

FISK & HATCH.

A. Raymond & Co.,
CLOTHIERS,
Cor. FULTON AND NASSAU STS.
STOCK LARGE AND EVERY GARMENT WELL MADE.

IVORIDE

KNIFE-HANDLES

EQUAL IN

BEAUTY and DURABILITY

TO THE GENUINE

IVORY,

AND AT

HALF THE PRICE.

This material is guaranteed to resist the action of heat and cold, whether of water or of the atmosphere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

J. Russell & Co.,
GREEN RIVER CUTLERY WORKS,
83 BEEKMAN STREET, New York City.

Sterling Silver

Forks and Spoons

AT CLOSE PRICES.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Nos. 550 and 552 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

OFFER A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SOLID TABLE SILVER,

DINNER AND DESSERT SERVICES,

TEA-SETS AND FANCY ARTICLES.

NEW STYLES OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE.

BUY OF THE

OLDEST AND BEST MAKERS.

REDFIELD & RICE.

4 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

No goods you purchase are so liable to deceive as

SILVER-PLATED WARE.

The slightest wash of silver will finish up, and to the stunt be as good as the best. Look well to the maker.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

we have made *one regular standard grade of goods*, and placed our name on each piece of ware as our guarantee of its quality. The consequence is a steady and increasing demand for our trade-mark from the best trade, and an unsullied reputation with consumers.

A written guarantee given with each purchase, if requested.

CHURCH, TEA, AND COFFEE SETS, AND URNS, CASTERS, CAKE-BASKETS, AND FRUIT-STANDS, ICE PITCHERS, SALVERS, AND WINE-STANDS.

No. 4 Maiden Lane.

SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD
First Mortgage
CONVERTIBLE BONDS
OF THE
Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad Company.
OF ILLINOIS,

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New York. Coupons payable April and October,

Free of Government Tax.

The Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad, upon whose property these Bonds are issued, is now in process of construction, its track being the cities of Danville and Pekin, both in Illinois. The length of the road is 117 1-4 miles; its capital stock $3,000,000. The grading, ironing, and all the work necessary to perfect a complete roadway has been already done, and the whole road is ready for the rails. These are rapidly being put down, and a portion of the road is now in successful operation. It is expected that the whole road will be completed early the coming autumn.

These bonds are convertible into stock at par, at the option of the holder, and may be registered in the name of the owner, at any time, if desired. The total amount of the bonds is limited to $2,000,000. The security offered is, as we shall show, the very best. Already sums nearly equal to the total amount of bonds to be issued have been expended on the road. The bonds, averaging less than $18,500 per mile, are secured by a first mortgage on the whole road and entire property of the company. The road runs East and West on the line of the principal and oldest emigrant wagon-road in the State, passing through several populous towns and cities, and the richest agricultural district in Illinois—in a word, through the garden of the Garden State. Its local business alone will suffice to make it a first-class paying road; while, with its connections with many principal lines, its through trade must be such as to make it one of the most profitable in the country.

The road will be consolidated with the line from Danville to Indianapolis, making a line of 210 miles. At Indianapolis connection will be made with all the through lines of New York and Baltimore; at Danville, with the Toledo, Wabash and Western. In fact, the road will form a main link in the direct communication of the principal Atlantic cities with Southern Illinois, with Keokuk and Burlington, Iowa, and thence with Omaha and the Pacific.

It will complete a direct line from Boston to Peoria, Keokuk, Burlington, Omaha, and the Far West, via Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, and the Bellefontaine Railroad to Indianapolis and Danville, or via Toledo and W

The Independent.

KATY-DID.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

Rear your chatter, gossipy shrew,
Pipe no more that querulous lay;
Scores of babblers as busy as you,
Trading on quite as thin capital, too,
Borrow your note to scold their say,
Garrulous Katy-did.

Was it you taught them their spiteful strain,
Running the gamut of slanderous song—
You, with your positive, crisp refrain,
Shrilly insisted again and again?
How could you do us so sore a wrong,
Mischievous Katy-did?

Hour by hour the grasses lie
Drinking the mellow August sun,
Droning bees at their work go by,
Skipping crickets and grasshoppers shy;
Where lurk you till the day is done,
Sly Mistress Katy-did?

Snuggled close in your drowsy bed,
Nursing impossible news for true?
Morbid fancies are seldom bred
Out in the light with the sky overhead;
We human croakers have taken your cue,
Possibly, Katy-did?

Sweet the night, were it not for you;
Soft the air, but your note is rough.
How did the cruel scandal grow?
What did naughty Katy do?
And haven't you punished her quite enough?
Answer me, Katy-did.

But if it was you, tart little crone,
Taught us gossips to sputter and stab,
We've shown a marvelous knack, you'll own,
Slaying our scores of good folk to your one—
Apt at catching the "gift o' gab,"
Eh, my Katy-did?

Stay! It just occurs to me here,
With, I confess, a tickle of shame,
What if it presently should appear—
A turn of the tables provokingly queer—
We were the first to begin the game,
Mimicsome Katy-did?

Ah, the shoe's on the other foot!
Poor human nature may drop the head!
Why shouldn't you wee pigmies hoot,
Stinging the air with your tiny toot?
I guess the gossips wouldn't be dead,
If ye were, Katy-dids.

So, if you'll only pardon us first
The shabby trick we've played you so long,
You shall scold your weak, diminutive worst,
And screech your hoarse treble until you do burst,
And we'll always admire your wonderful song,
So very like ours, Katy-did!

PROF. WATSON'S PARTY OF OBSERVATION.

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

NEARLY all the scientific parties sent out by the Government to observe the recent eclipse were accompanied by reporters, who have already given to the public their descriptions of what occurred, whether celestial or terrestrial. It happened, however, that the large party sent to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, under the direction of Prof. Watson, of Michigan University, escaped the attentions of the brethren of the quill; and, in consequence, no popular report has been made of their proceedings. From a gentleman prominently connected with the party we have received the following details.

The party consisted of Prof. Watson, Prof. Van Vleck, and Mr. Johnston, of Middletown, Conn.; Prof. Merriman and Mr. McIntire, of Ann Arbor; and Prof. Pickering, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and as photographers, Prof. Henry Morton, editor of the "Journal of the Franklin Institute"; Messrs. Wilson, Cremer, and Clifton, of Philadelphia; Mr. Garver, of New York; and Mr. Carbutt, of Chicago.

These gentlemen arrived at Mt. Pleasant several days before the eclipse; and during the whole time of their stay there were treated with unusual courtesies both by the civic authorities and by private citizens. In fact, everything was done by the good people of Mt. Pleasant which could contribute to the comfort and facilitate the labors of their scientific guests. The enclosed grounds of the Henry County Agricultural Society, lying about a mile from the town, were assigned to them; apartments were there fitted up for their use; carriages constantly plying between the hotel and the grounds were placed at their disposal; and the citizens vied with each other in the proffer of hospitable attentions. These are tokens of civilization which it is a public benefit to chronicle.

As the hour for the great event drew near the people flocked out of the town and stood near to the enclosure, on the supposition that the place selected by the *savans* would have some special advantages in connection with the approaching spectacle. A few people were admitted to the grounds; besides certain members of the lower orders—to wit., some cows and a hen and chickens, whose behavior under the circumstances was watched with quite as much curiosity as the eclipse itself. Quiet and good order everywhere prevailed. The coming event cast its shadow of awe and solemnity upon the minds of all.

At just three minutes before the time of the eclipse, Professor Watson announced to the people its near approach, and gave the signal to his assistants to commence counting time on the chronometer. The people—who evidently looked upon the Professor as a gigantic showman, clothed with great authority over the sun and moon and the heavenly bodies generally—paid the appropriate deference to his proclamation, and held their breaths for the performance to begin.

It was not without an emotion of exultant pride in the powers of the human mind that the observers beheld the stupendous event appear within ten seconds of the time predicted so long ago.

Every member of the party had his special duty assigned to him; and, of course, those were moments of intense activity for all. Professors Van Vleck and Pickering made observations with the spectroscope; the records of which were noted with great facility and accuracy by Mrs. Belle Mansfield, of Mt. Pleasant, who also greatly assisted the party by drawing admirable diagrams for marking the relative positions of the phenomena. Professor Mansfield recorded the readings of the aneroid barometer. The photographers were also constantly at work, and succeeded in getting perfect copies of the swiftly-changing scene.

At the instant of totality, as the last rays of the sun disappeared, the corona flashed out with great brilliancy; and from behind the moon's lower limb a crimson prominence was distinctly visible to the naked eye. At this stage the darkness was about equal to that of a night with the moon at the first quarter; only the sky had a different appearance, being of a dark blue tint, and being illuminated near the horizon by light reflected from the portion of the earth outside of the shadow. Venus, Mercury, Saturn, and Mars were in full sight to the unassisted eye; as well as Arcturus, Vega, and other stars.

The effect of light on the appearance of the group of observers, even before the eclipse became total, was peculiar; the secondary shadows in the face, which give to us the features, did not exist; and thus the faces looked cadaverous and unearthly. Of course, over the entire landscape was thrown that strange spectral light which is so impressive to the observer, and which people persist in calling "weird"—principally because their knowledge of that word, like the light they wish to describe, is very uncertain.

It is probable that many persons within the enclosure found their interest enhanced by permitting the eye to turn from heaven to earth, and from observing the movements of the sun and moon to watching the phenomena which it was hoped would be presented by the cows and the old hen and her chickens. Many who had read Fennimore Cooper's rather stilted and fantastic account of the eclipse which occurred sixty years ago expected unusual entertainment from the cattle. But the unimpassioned beasts failed to show off any antics. Instead of bellowing with terror, and racing about the field to find a hiding place, they complacently munched the grass till the full darkness came on, and then stood motionless, as if they were not in the least surprised. If persons expected them to behave in a manner not befitting this age of science, such persons were considerably deluded. The hen and chickens, however, were more obliging. They were, evidently, completely sold by the darkness; and, thinking it was night, they withdrew to the protection of the fence, and went regularly to bed.

The conduct of the vast throng of human spectators was what might have been anticipated. No wonder that, before the people were correctly informed as to astronomical processes, an eclipse was a dire event, freighted with dismay to the world. Even yet, with all our knowledge of its simplicity and harmlessness, it cannot be viewed without awe, and in many cases without a kind of dim, heart-oppressing fear. On this occasion, as the darkness came on, there was profound stillness everywhere; but when the corona flashed forth with such a sudden glory the solemn delight of the multitude showed itself in a universal murmur, as though they would greet the august performance with respectful applause. The boys, however, could not be restrained, and gave vent to their satisfaction, as they would at the circus, with lusty cheers.

In connection with the great and formal preparations made at Mt. Pleasant for observing the eclipse, with the presence in the town of so many distinguished strangers, it was but natural that the general attention would be strongly aroused, and that many amusing side incidents would occur. One good man went round the town for days beforehand, and denounced the impiety of all these scientific proceedings. They were profanely attempting to pry into God's secrets; and he had veiled his sun in anger in order to baffle them. The cloudy weather which continued up to the last day seemed to give some support to his declarations; but, notwithstanding his assurance that God would keep the rain agoing, and prevent the use of their irreligious telescopes, the day cleared off with the utmost splendor, and in the most obliging manner. Another local prophet announced that the eclipse was a judgment upon the world for its abominations, and that the path of its shadow over the earth would be marked by utter blight. His idea being, doubtless, that that path was a sort of isothermal line of wickedness. It was amusing, also, to notice with what happy confidence many excellent people regarded these learned visitors. One citizen was heard saying to another: "They will hardly succeed in getting any observations to-morrow—it's so cloudy." "Fie, fie!" replied the other; "these scientific fellows know what they are about. You don't suppose they would have come all the way out here if they hadn't known that the weather was going to be clear."

And, sure enough, the sky brushed away its garb of mourning just in time to confirm the popular impression that Professor Watson and the Clerk of the Weather are intimate friends, each of whom is always ready to do a good turn for the other.

OUR correspondent from Omaha takes us to task for publishing the statement that this youngest and biggest of the Western mushrooms shelters under its fungous shadow but three church buildings. He says: "There are to be seen by any observer here 2 Catholic churches, 3 Episcopal, 3 Methodist (one colored), 2 Presbyterian, 1 Congregational, 1 Disciple, 1 Lutheran, 1 Baptist—making in all 14; besides which many other isms have their organizations here, and, as you say, 'worship where they can.' Many of these church edifices would be respectable, even in your famous 'city of churches'; being furnished, as our modern Christianity have it, with all late improvements in machinery for the worship of God, without the assistance or cooperation of the congregation or priest." Pardon us, good critic! No doubt you are right. But could you expect us to anticipate the 11 church erections that would take place between the time when our information was first gathered in Omaha and the day which it would be carried back to that "20,000 city"? We are quite open to conviction that by the time this paper reaches Omaha its population will be 40,000 and its church-spires will outnumber the masts in New York harbor.

Publisher's Department.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

WE noticed last week, in these columns, the report of the special committee appointed to examine the assets of this great institution; but made a grave mistake in naming another corporation in the *title* or heading of our article. Our readers will, therefore, please understand that special reference was then made to the "Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York"; and we again invite every reader of this journal who is interested in life insurance, or who would like to know how between *thirty and forty millions of dollars* entrusted to the care and guardianship of fallible men *can be safely managed*, to read the two-column advertisement of this institution, in another column. As for ourselves, we feel, as American citizens and New Yorkers, proud of this noble institution, illustrating as it does what can be *safely* done in a business involving such immense interests. No human being could possibly compute with figures the great damage which would be sustained by carelessness or bad management in such a corporation; and the clear and able report in question shows conclusively that the vigilant and faithful officers and trustees of the "Mutual Life" do not intend to be found wanting in integrity, fidelity, or unceasing care to protect the interests of the tens of thousands with whom they are so intimately connected.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

ANY person who will obtain four new subscribers, and send us the money, ten dollars, will be presented with both engravings as a reward for his or her services. Each of the new subscribers thus obtained, of course, will receive both engravings also. Any active person, male or female, it is believed, can obtain these presents for an hour's work.

We want *all our subscribers* to have this premium, and we think an average of fifteen minutes' work from each will secure it —value $4. Pretty good pay. Send us your orders.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

OLD subscribers, not in arrears, who do not care to take the trouble to obtain *one new subscriber*, may have the splendid engravings of Grant and Colfax by renewing their subscriptions for *two years*, and sending us *five dollars*. We prefer, however, one new subscriber, and $2 50

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

FINANCIAL APPEAL.

THE Association commenced the year with a burdensome debt. The year closes Sept. 30; and, unless the debt is speedily and materially reduced, it must seriously cripple the work of the coming and future years.

This debt does not represent a mere expenditure, but *property* secured to the work essential to progress, and worth four times the indebtedness. It is the result of prosperity, and brought about by a providential concurrence of events, never likely to be repeated. The duty of training teachers and missionaries from among the Freedmen themselves was apparent, and necessitated permanent institutions. This required the co-operation of the Bureau. By its aid the property has been secured, and the schools established; and they are already sending forth teachers, and will yearly add more and more to the four hundred we have employed for the last three years in the South. Valuable church property, in buildings already erected or in process of erection, has been provided.

While this debt remains we cannot take advantage of these widely-extended facilities. We must find relief either in the large-hearted liberality of the friends of Christ or in a merciless retrenchment.

What shall we do? Friends of the Freedmen, the work is yours. We are your agents. The educational work was never more prosperous; the church work never so promising. Shall we suffer the field to lie waste, or occupy it for God and humanity? We must wait for your answer. Every thousand dollars, every dollar contributed to our present relief is so much given to the work of another year.

Fifty thousand dollars, in addition to our ordinary receipts for the year, will relieve our treasury, and give activity along the whole line of our operations in the South: These are the facts. We are persuaded that a prompt, vigorous, and united effort of ministers, churches, Sabbath schools, and individuals will accomplish this great object. Shall the Freedmen be gladdened and God be glorified by a result so blessed?

G. WHIPPLE, } Sec'ys.
M. E. STRIEBY, }

53 JOHN ST., NEW YORK.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

WE have executed all the orders sent to us for the Grant and Colfax steel engravings up to this date. We shall hereafter fill those sent us within *one week* after their receipt, and in the order in which they are registered on our books. We hear but one opinion in regard to these engravings. "They are splendid." "They are perfect." "They are magnificent." "They are alone worth *twice* the cost of THE INDEPENDENT." "How can you afford to give them both away for one new subscriber?" "I shall tell all my friends and neighbors what a splendid gift you offer." Such is the talk of our subscribers and friends who have seen or received these engravings. Ritchie, the artist, never has done himself more credit, and never has produced better likenesses. Those who order them, we *positively guarantee*, shall be perfectly satisfied, or they may return them at our expense, any time within ten days after their receipt, and we will refund the money and cancel the subscriptions. We mean one and all shall say that this present is the best and most valuable ever made in the country as a premium for *one* subscriber. We expect to give them away by *tens of thousands*. Reader, send us one new subscriber, and get them, and then tell us plainly whether we have spoken extravagantly.

RITCHIE'S ENGRAVING.

"AUTHORS OF THE UNITED STATES."

WE are now prepared, with a fresh supply, to fill orders for this celebrated engraving as fast as received. We have already delivered this great premium to more than *one thousand* subscribers, and the demand continues unabated. Every mail brings more orders. Specimens are on exhibition at our office, and it is a wonder to all who see them "how such a splendid premium can be *given away* for four subscribers." It is a picture which, in any position, will *always* attract attention; for it contains the faces of many of the ablest and best known Americans. When hung upon the wall, no person can fail to notice and admire it. We are sending them, upon the terms proposed, into every part of the United States and into Canada, also to Europe. We ask our friends in every neighborhood *promptly* to avail themselves of our liberal offer. We positively *guarantee entire satisfaction* in every case, or the money will be refunded and the subscriptions canceled. We believe this engraving to be the most beautiful and most valuable present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

WE are now sending out through the post-office the splendid *steel* engravings of Grant and Colfax, by Ritchie, the celebrated artist. The orders are being executed in the order in which they were received, as registered on our books.

We respectfully ask every person receiving these valuable presents to show them to their friends and neighbors, and ask them one and all to send on their subscription, and obtain them. *Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.* The presents alone are richly worth twice the subscription price of the paper. $2 50 obtains *both* engravings and THE INDEPENDENT for one year. Such inducements for single subscribers were never offered before by any paper in America.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

We mean our readers shall understand that there is no humbug in our premium-list—that what we represent we mean *literally*; hence the immense number of orders that are now daily and by *every mail* pouring in upon us.

Reader, look over again our tempting offers, and see if anything is wanted. If you have not already ordered the engravings of Grant and Colfax on the liberal terms proposed, let us hear from you at once. The print-stores would charge *four dollars* for these two engravings, or nearly fifty per cent. more than we ask ($2 50) for THE INDEPENDENT for one year, with your the engravings included. Send along both orders.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

EXPERIENCED canvassing agents, male or female, who are desirous of obtaining employment by the month in any section of the country, and on liberal terms, will please apply by letter or in person at this office. Competent and reliable persons are wanted to distribute the Grant and Colfax engravings on the liberal terms proposed. From $2 to $5 per day can be easily made. Best references required.

AGENTS WANTED.

IN every town and village we want agents to distribute the Grant and Colfax steel engravings. For every *four* new subscribers sent us, with the money ($10), we will present to the agent obtaining them *both* engravings, worth $4, besides giving them to *each* new subscriber thus obtained. Reader, give us your first leisure hour, and secure this beautiful present.

Grant and Colfax!

WANTED!

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS. FOR

The Independent.

The most valuable inducement ever presented in America for SINGLE NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

A new and popular gift, which everybody will want.

EVERY LOYAL FAMILY IN AMERICA

will want this Premium.

SPLENDID OFFER.

ENGRAVING BY RITCHIE.

We have ordered and received from RITCHIE, the celebrated Engraver, the steel plates for a NEW, ORIGINAL, FINE STEEL ENGRAVING of

President GRANT AND Vice-President COLFAX,

both the most

Perfect Likenesses

of them ever published.

The engraving of Grant is a

MASTERPIECE OF ART,

which truly and faithfully represents our greatly-honored

PRESIDENT

as a citizen, in citizen's dress, as he appeared at his

INAUGURATION.

The engraving of the Vice-President is also a wonderful likeness, surpassing anything of the kind ever seen of Mr. Colfax. The size of each of the steel plates is *fourteen* by *eighteen* inches, and the engraving or picture ready for framing *nineteen* by *twenty-four* inches.

These engravings we will warrant, both of them, to give

PERFECT SATISFACTION

to everybody ordering them, or the money will *positively* be refunded.

They are intended to take the place and entirely supersede the *trashy* pictures now flooding the country. They will be wanted in

EVERY FAMILY,
EVERY PARLOR,
EVERY LIBRARY,
EVERY OFFICE,
EVERY STORE

In the Country.

Both of these splendid premiums offered to all

OLD SUBSCRIBERS

FOR ONE NEW NAME.

We ask every subscriber on our books to send us one new name, with the money ($2 50), when we will forward by mail

BOTH ENGRAVINGS

postage paid, to any post-office where overland rates are *not* charged; or deliver them at our office.

We believe this the most splendid and valuable present ever made in America for

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.

These Engravings are intended especially as a present to our *Old Subscribers*. To all such we will present *both* of these Engravings *for every new name* sent us; or we will present them *to any* old subscriber, *not in arrears*, on renewing his subscription for *two* years, and sending us $5 00.

These beautiful engravings cannot be had of any other party. The plates are owned by us, and the engravings will be held by us exclusively. Those who do not wish to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, and desire to purchase either of these engravings, can have them at

Two Dollars Each,

or Three Dollars for both—the cash to accompany the order.

We shall register the orders as received, and deliver the engravings in accordance therewith.

A limited number of Artist's Proofs, signed by Ritchie, are reserved. Price $5 each, or $8 for both; or they will both be given away as a premium for four new subscribers, or either one of them for two new subscribers.

Send Your Orders.

Address

HENRY C. BOWEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
"THE INDEPENDENT,"
Box 2787, New York.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam's*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The standard literary magazine of the country, with a corps of contributors unexcelled by any magazine in the world. "An honor to American literature." We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2.50—and the *Atlantic Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*) who will send us $5.50; or we will send the *Atlantic Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy.

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *The Galaxy* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The Galaxy*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *The Galaxy* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Hearth and Home,

an Illustrated Weekly of sixteen large handsome pages, for the Farm, Garden, and Fireside, edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, meets with universal favor from all classes of readers in town and country.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Hearth and Home* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Hearth and Home*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Hearth and Home* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book,

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House' as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), or to any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S

Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled

"Authors of the United States."

HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 35 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING.	BANCROFT.
WEBSTER.	PARKE GODWIN.
COOPER.	MOTLEY.
LONGFELLOW.	PETERSON.
MISS SEDGWICK.	CURTIS.
MRS. SIGOURNEY.	EMERSON.
MRS. SOUTHWORTH.	H. H. PANA.
MITCHELL.	MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.
HALLECK.	CHANNING.
HOLMES.	MRS. STOWE.
KENNEDY.	MRS. KIRKLAND.
MRS. MOWATT RITCHIE.	WHITTIER.
ALICE CAREY.	LOWELL.
PRENTICE.	BOKER.
G. W. KENDALL.	BAYARD TAYLOR.
MORRIS.	SANE.
POE.	STODDARD.
TUCKERMAN.	MRS. AMELIA WELBY.
HAWTHORNE.	GALLAGHER.
SIMMS.	COZZENS.
F. PENDLETON COOKE.	HALLECK.
HOFFMAN.	
PRESCOTT.	

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $4,500, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—except in places where *overland rates* are charged. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Grover & Baker SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR

1869.

Sewing Machines Given Away BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER TO

Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER, AND TO EVERY PERSON Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 33 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of he machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers*. On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be made comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time.

There are very few purchasable *household* articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest on the investment; but among them we must put down first a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress, with exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, the benevolent to the poor, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of hands; but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best*; because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid). Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER,
No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

NOTICES.

FINANCIAL PROSPECTS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

THERE is reason to fear that the Prudential Committee will be obliged to report a considerable deficiency at the next annual meeting. During the eleven months of the present year, September 1, 1868, to August 1, 1869, the donations and legacies have fallen $12,208 below those of the corresponding period last year. The loss in *donations* is $16,314, nearly all of which occurred in July.

The Committee are disappointed, but not despondent. They have entire confidence in the *ability*, as also in the *willingness*, of the churches to save the Board from pecuniary embarrassment. Their only fear is that the needful endeavors will not be put forth. They beg leave, therefore, to request all pastors and others who look after the benevolence of the churches to obtain, if possible, a contribution equal to the one made last year; and to forward it to the treasurer by September 1, or at the latest September 6.

And they are constrained to ask such of their friends as the God of missions has especially qualified to devise liberal things for the heathen whether they are not called *to a higher privilege in this regard*. A serious indebtedness at the close of the present year will be *particularly unfortunate and embarrassing*.

S. B. TREAT, Home Secretary.

Missionary House, Boston, August 13, 1869.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.—The annual meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. will be held at Pittsburg, Pa., commencing on Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 3 o'clock P. M. Members and friends of the Board who design to attend, and who entertainment, are requested to apply by letter to Rev. F. A. Noble, Pittsburg, Pa., Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, as early as the 15th of September. For further information see the cover of the *Missionary Herald* for September, last page.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish AND Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
New York, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended a MILLION OF DOLLARS in building an organizing their Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers as the best for use on Wheeler and other Sewing Machines.

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We offer also the United States Six-per-cent. Thirty-Year Currency Bonds, issued in aid of the Pacific Railroad, which are widely esteemed by moneyed corporations, as the longest Six-per-cent. Government Bond in the market.

Communications and inquiries by Mail or Telegraph will receive attention.

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No goods you purchase are so liable to deceive as

SILVER-PLATED WARE.

The slightest wash of silver will finish up, and to the *user* be as good as the best. Look well to the maker.

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we have made *one regular standard grade of goods*, and placed our name on each piece of ware as our guarantee of its quality. The consequence is a steady and increasing demand for our trade-mark from the best trade, and an unsullied reputation with consumers.

A written guarantee given with each purchase, if requested.

CHURCH, TEA, AND COFFEE SETS, AND URNS, CASTERS, CAKE-BASKETS, AND FRUIT-STANDS, ICE PITCHERS, SALVERS, AND WINE-STANDS.

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SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD

First Mortgage CONVERTIBLE BONDS OF THE

Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad Company. OF ILLINOIS,

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New York. Coupons payable April and October,

Free of Government Tax.

The Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad, upon whose property these Bonds are issued, is now in process of construction, its track being the cities of Danville and Pekin, both in Illinois. The length of the road is 117 5-100 miles; its capital stock $5,000,000. The grading, ordering, and all the work necessary to perfect a complete roadway has been already done, and the whole line is ready for the rails. These are rapidly being put down, and a portion of the road is now in successful operation. It is expected that the whole road will be completed early the coming autumn.

These bonds are convertible into stock at par, at the option of the holder, and may be registered in the name of the owner, as to principal, if desired. The total amount of bonds is limited to $2,000,000. The security offered is, as we shall show, the very best. Already sums nearly equal to the total amount of bonds to be issued have been expended on the road. The bonds, averaging less than $18,500 per mile, are secured by a first mortgage on the whole road, and entire property of the company. The road runs East and West on the line of the principal and oldest emigrant wagon-road in the State, passing through several populous towns and cities, and the richest agricultural district in Illinois—in a word, through the garden of the Garden State. Its local business alone will suffice to make it a first-class paying road; while, with its connections with many principal lines, its through trade must be such as to make it one of the most profitable in the country.

The road will be consolidated with the line from Danville to Indianapolis, making a line of 210 miles. At Indianapolis connection will be made with all the through lines of New York and Baltimore; at Danville, with the Toledo, Wabash and Western. In fact, the road will form a male link in the direct communication of the principal Atlantic cities with Southern Illinois, with Kans

The Independent.

LOOKING UPWARD.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

I do not know Thee as I should,
O Father! kind and true;
My life bends far from what I would—
I do not yet the things I could,
Nor as I long to do.

For faith, Thy gift, I make my prayer
That in the darkest day
I still may feel that Thou art there,
And that the Spirit free as air
Has swept my doubts away.

And yet I love Thee, O most High!
For if I understood
The motions of those laws which lie
Apparent only to Thine eye,
I should not learn the good.

Sufficient is it that Thou art,
That Christ my Lord has died;
For so within my very heart
I take the new and better part,
And choose no God beside.

And as the clouds of sin arise,
As some inferior light
Dims the best glory of the skies—
I need not feel a sad surprise,
Or dwell within the night.

Grant me unshaken trust, that so
Sure peace and joy shall be
Beginnings of those hopes which grow
Through earthly trials, till I know
Thy full eternity.

AVOCA, PHILADELPHIA.

ROKERS IN PASTORS AND SUPPLIES.

BY HENRY ROCKSSON.

I AM the oldest member of the new firm of Rocksson, Hollison & Spread, Brokers in Pastors and Stated Supplies. I am, also, the Old School member; Mr. Hollison being New School, and Brother Spread Congregational. I feel confident, therefore, while I undertake to explain and publish our enterprise, that I shall not be sniffed at as a lover of unnecessary innovation.

The reputation of Bro. Spread, gained by many years' service as a society secretary, will commend him as our general correspondent. A sufficient guaranty of our financial management is the name of Mr. Hollison, so widely known as the president of a popular insurance company.

Our firm name explains our object. It is to do for worthy Christian gentlemen who are prepared to be pastors or supplies what the broker does for merchandise in our great markets. Everybody knows what the coffee-broker does for the sacks of coffee, the tea-broker for the chests of tea, the sugar-broker for the hogsheads of sugar, that are awaiting in New York harbor their respective destinations.

Any complaint (such as may still be made by those who do not know us) that ours is a new-fangled and hitherto unheard-of business shall be answered as objection to other brokerage is answered. It is the necessity of modern times and of the growth of civilization and population. In former days, the Albany merchant could with ease make trial of every lot in the market—tea, or coffee, or salt, or sugar, or molasses, or liquors. Picture the jobber from the interior now trying to make personal acquaintance with each article of all the cargoes brought to our wharves. It would be a single person attempting the united work of a tea-party of spinsters, a herd of buffaloes at a salt-lick, of a swarm of blue-bottles over a spilled sugar-barrel, of a select company of twenty-four dining at—but I must say nothing personal.

Yet something like the task of the country buyer that should attempt this is the tasting which the members of our pastorless congregations must accomplish.

Modern invention has simplified the work of furnishing supplies of food and luxuries: it divides and classifies and arranges; it exhibits, in pleasant and accessible offices, samples of all that is in the market; it shows to every customer what each lot is in all the cargoes from East River to North River, upon this side and upon the other.

Rocksson, Hollison & Spread will simplify and make easy the work of furnishing congregations with pastors and supplies. They will have all that are in the market so classified and marked that nothing shall remain to be done save to say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Oh! taste and see." They will arrange that the seeing and tasting may be accomplished with neither labor upon the people's part nor great embarrassment and self-contempt upon the part of the preacher. But, before we further exhibit our business in its details, we will state who have called upon us to do this work. The demand, with slight exception, is from members of the three communions represented in our firm.

The Methodist, as is well known, has a system that brings the preacher to the people. The presiding elder is usually an excellent broker. The Episcopalian or Romanist bishop is the same; the former a little halting, perhaps, and the latter rather arbitrary. In the United Presbyterian body there is a committee which enrolls and classifies all unengaged ministers, and presents them annually to the delegates of the churches for their choice. No person from the four communions named has made a call for our brokerage.

This seems to us somewhat strange, for the objection to each system is very evident and strong. The presiding elder or bishop, though living in an age of commerce, is more like a military officer than a quiet and democratic tradesman. When I see him distributing ministers to the churches, it reminds me of a chief commissary distributing supplies to our regiments. If a corps of such commissaries were to take charge of all the provision in New York, Chicago, or Toledo harbor, and issue the same at their pleasure to the different states and territories, how long would the people bear it? The churches will not endure much longer the violation of plain laws of business in the supply of ministers and churches. Witness the cases of the priests in Auburn and Chicago, and of the Green-street Methodist church in Philadelphia.

The United Presbyterian system has this obvious objection: It gives the ministers who have churches not a bit better chance for obtaining the very large ones than ministers who haven't any. They must first resign their pastorates, before they can see their names upon the list. Now, as is well known, if a pastor in one of our churches will only hold fast his position, it puts him a long step ahead of another who thinks it more generous and manly, when he wants no longer to keep his old parish, to resign it freely, and seek another upon his merits.

Despite this fatal objection to the ancient Presbyterian system, those that support it have asked for no other. It is our wide-awake modern Christians, who say, "Everything is fair and free in trade, and the best prize to the shrewdest!" that depend and call upon us to act as brokers in pastors and supplies.

Those clergy who themselves were once in the market, but are now in good and comfortable places, call upon us. They are all tired of acting, without recompense, as brokers between candidates and churches. I knew a young clergyman, who held a first pastorate for several years, and was endorsed wholly and heartily by an overwhelming majority of his people as a successful minister. He laid down his office, and traveled for some years abroad. Upon his return he called upon three ministerial friends, whose pulpits he had gratuitously supplied, to secure an introduction to a vacant congregation. Not one of the three found leisure, in the press of duties, even to acknowledge his letter. Undoubtedly each was deeply pained by his inability to answer one to whom common honesty would tell him he was indebted. Our brokerage system will prevent the infliction of such pain upon the hearts of such pastors any more.

This same young clergyman was the occasion of uneasiness to other consciences. He addressed several of his acquaintances simple inquiries concerning fields of labor, enclosing stamps for reply. They did not answer the inquiries. *They kept the stamps.* Those stamps, without his intending it, have become plastered upon their consciences. At the Judgment Day both, we fear, shall find themselves guilty—the pastor, who, through throng of labors, possibly, has suffered the stamp to stick to his soul; and the young clergyman who, by his thoughtlessness, has fastened this sin upon his neighbor!

Our aid is asked by each minister who wants a charge. What has he to depend upon? If he wait for the help of brother ministers, they may, indeed, come to his aid, as did the ten brothers to Simeon in Egypt. Oftener he will be left like Joseph, who put his dependence upon the busy chief butler.

Two young preachers of my acquaintance, both far above the average, were in succession starved out of the same stingy parish. Each sought another charge by correspondence. The first was soon forced, having a family, to enter a secular calling. The second, upon the point of doing the same, was called to a neighboring village, where his field is far narrower than his abilities.

If the eager minister in his dilemma seizes the other horn, and, instead of waiting, attempts to negotiate directly and personally with churches, he shall often meet the shoulder-shrug or cold reception. If he be vouchsafed a hearing, he must suffer inconceivable embarrassment and disadvantage. I know a preacher who thanks the Lord, as much as for anything else, that he has been delivered, even on the verge of danger, from preaching as one that wanted work to any unoccupied parish.

The churches, no less than the clergy, ask assistance. They lose nothing, it may be, in *money* while waiting to be courted; it is the candidate who is out of pocket, from non-employment and expensive travel. But they lose in everything that makes a church—in unity, in earnestness, in religious ardor. There are always in a vacant church those who are passing the crisis of inner life, that especially demands the pastoral aid. There are many others who can hardly escape, in such circumstances, habits of carelessness, captiousness, or criticism. The best men of our churches feel all this. They are not willing to suffer longer the losses that come, unnecessarily, with change of pastors.

The young men looking forward to the ministry want us. The lack of any fair way of finding charges is deterring students. Our graduates are not only not increasing like the population, but are diminishing. In the Presbyterian seminaries about one hundred come the present year to supply the gaps in the ranks of four thousand. The present degrading system, that tells a young man, in all his ardor, to go and preach—nominally to offer Jesus to sinners, but really to offer himself to the suffrages of a mixed assembly, and *he* thinking this and *they* thinking this—is abasing! Taken along with the want of candor from some in high position toward candidates, it will go hard; but it shall equal Jesuitical device in its power to injure a noble manhood.

I grow earnest for a man who simply publishes his business enterprise. It is these earnest calls that have impelled us to enter upon our undertaking. We shall soon open our head office upon Broadway, with branch offices in Philadelphia and Cincinnati. Lists of all ministers who desire to obtain charges will be kept by us, accurately classified.

Lists of churches vacant, or about to become vacant, will be kept, also, under a system of accurate classification.

Our mode of classifying we prefer not to publish. If desired, we will communicate the plan privately to any minister or church officer.

Our charges shall be for facilitating communication, and nothing else. We do not pretend to dispose of any preacher or congregation. We shall take care that none shall urge against us that we practice simony. Our commission will vary according to the class of the church or pastor that is sought. Usually it will be *one per cent.* of the promised salary. No charge will be made against ministers until they are finally called. The commission will be charged to churches as soon as they enter into direct negotiation with any candidate.

There may be instances where a church will wish further knowledge of the preacher's powers than can be given by our firm. We will arrange in such cases that they may observe the popular and fashionable custom of hearing him in his own pulpit. But, as many ministers and students who want work have no pulpits, we shall cause to be erected, adjoining our offices, *convenient rooms*, where preaching can be had to order; with no pretense, however, that it is anything more than preaching for a place.

An additional feature of our plan, which we flatter ourselves will prove attractive, is the employment of a competent surgeon for each office. He will carefully report, at request of churches, the exact physical condition of every minister enrolled; also, at request of candidates, the chances of life of notoriously troublesome elders, or deacons, or other officers that are fastened for life upon the churches.

Further particulars, forbidden by lack of space, may be obtained upon addressing ROCKSSON, HOLLISON & SPREAD, Box 2787, NEW YORK CITY.

FRUITLESS PRAYER-MEETINGS.

BY REV. L. W. HART.

"SEEKING fruit, and finding none," was the charge (and it was a fatal one) against the fig-tree, as it should be against any other fruit-tree. "That ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples," is an equally valid claim of the Master.

Three things make up the external services or form of a prayer-meeting—*i. e.*, prayer, praise, and remark; each of which needs to be vital and hearty in order to bear fruit. As Longfellow found his song-verse, long after, in the heart of a friend, so that prayer which lodges profitably in the heart's affection of some hearer, and the song which inspires right feelings, and the remark that incites to better life, are fruitful, and may do good long afterward.

If no impression, no remembrance, no better course of life is the effect of such a prayer-meeting on some who attend it, then it is for them fruitless, and they had better have spent their time to some nobler purpose.

No one should be allowed to take part in a prayer-meeting whose life does not show fruits of piety—by no means merely the cheap substitute of leaves and blossoms. It ought to be the rule that no churchmember whose habit is to say, "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled," as his whole beneficence, should sing, or pray, or exhort. The liberal soul, the bountiful giver, the generous lender, the brotherly spirit, the watchful adviser, the self-denying friend—those whom everybody in their neighborhood knows to be real Christians because they are always acting just like it—those are the right people to make a prayer-meeting fruitful. A man who has been eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, or made the widow's heart to sing for joy, whose daily life is to do good somewhere to the best of his ability, may sing, and I will join with my whole spirit and understanding; may pray, and I will rise on his prayer to the throne of his Lord, with fervent response of glad "Amen!" to his every petition.

But all along down the scale—from fervent and evident piety of the delightful kind, winning and lovely, to doubtful, or repulsive, or dry, or hard specimens of mere human nature, mellowed with very little of the Lord's grace, if any—along that scale, till we reach the point where the man is so little of the saint that Satan never trembles to see him kneel and pray, it is a grievous wrong to the other members of the Lord's household to permit such dubious or even dishonorable characters any part or lot in a prayer-meeting, just as Simon Magus was rebuked by Peter.

The better the Christians are, the more fruitful the prayer-meeting. Down with the glossy-leaved but barren fig-trees, whose whole piety and devotion are public and stated—all words and no deeds. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The man who slanders or swindles others can do them but little good afterward.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

MIDSUMMER.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

So proud in her peerless beauty
That the journeying gales which greet,
Drop down with allegient welcome
Their burdens of balm at her feet;

Like a languid princess, she wanders
Where the gay June's flowery skill
Has made the bright land as a pleasaunce
To be roamed at her royal will!

And in queenly approval she gazes
Where her boundless heritage lies—
Her own, from the blue of the sparkling sea
To the blue of the bending skies!

While the sun's glad gold sinks deeper
In the hearts of the gliding hours,
And the warm earth whispers a *Salve*
With her silent voice of flowers!

SWEDENBORG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself as "a reader and believer in the New Church doctrine for the past thirty years" takes occasion somewhat strongly to make exception to some assertions in my late article upon Baron Swedenborg. I am charged with being mistaken upon two points: Swedenborg's claim to having received "a new revelation, a third Testament," and his teaching upon purgatory; and the expressions I used concerning the state of Swedenborg's intellect and the style of his writings are pronounced wholly groundless and the product of a mind ignorant of his works and previously made up to disbelieve them. It is hardly necessary to say that, in preparing a brief sketch for the purpose of putting the ordinary reader in possession of a few facts concerning an interesting and peculiar man, it was not thought essential to make a thorough examination of his voluminous works. Swedenborg's writings comprise many large tomes of excessively dry and prolix matter; a large portion of which, I believe, has never yet been translated into English out of the "careless Latin" (so the "Encyclopedia Americana" calls it) of the original. The character of the man and the general drift of his teachings are easily to be gathered from the abundant miscellaneous sources of a trustworthy nature which are accessible to every student. I should hope there may be but few who will hesitate to conclude that the common opinion of his having been a well-meaning but misguided enthusiast sufficiently correct without wasting precious time in tracing out his tedious and meandering hallucinations.

All the writers that I have consulted appear to agree in regarding his system as one in which, as I asserted, the details are consistent and sane, while the whole is absurd and illogical. What is said by our correspondent in regard to purgatory is an example. He says Swedenborg somewhere calls purgatory "a Babylonish fiction," and therefore "could not write that he saw Luther or any one else there. The premise may be true, but the conclusion does not follow. He may deny the existence of a purgatory; and yet a real purgatory, according to my understanding of the meaning of the word, he does make, inconsistent as it may seem with his own statements. Indeed, his whole view of the future state appears to be that of a sort of second probation. He teaches that "the Lord foredooms none to hell, condemns none and punishes none; that he aids those on earth, sustains the angels in heaven, and endeavors to preserve the devils from the evils they love and seek; by regarding the free will of every one, and by giving the utmost aid that will leave them free to turn either to hell or to heaven." If evil spirits are in such a condition, they can be in neither a confirmed state of happiness or of misery. It must be some intermediate place; and, however strongly Swedenborg may object to the word, the name of that place in common language is purgatory. They are neither saved nor lost; but, while suffering the consequences of their sins, are under process of having those sins purged away. This is what I meant by purgatory. Similarly, Swedenborg may disclaim having received a "new revelation." But he continually makes assertions which have led every writer to speak of him as claiming to have received such a revelation in the most direct manner from God and the spiritual world. He speaks of "the honor of that holy office to which the Lord himself hath called me, who was graciously pleased to manifest himself to me, his unworthy servant, in a personal appearance, in the year 1743, to open to me a sight of the spiritual world, and to enable me to converse with spirits and angels; and this privilege has continued with me to this day." It must be confessed that, if any man has been so privileged, his followers ought not to resent the application of the term "new revelation" to his testimony. Surely, if Swedenborg has been so favored, no other men, not even those who penned the Bible, ever have been. For they do not claim anything like as much. Even John the Divine claims only to have seen a symbolical representation of heaven, and that view was but the transient elevation of a single Sabbath.

Nor is it unfit to speak of this as a "third Testament." Swedenborg admits the substance of the Old Testament and of the New Testament, rejecting only some of the books in each. If, then, his record of what he saw and was divinely taught concerning spiritual things is not a third Testament, then what is it? A testament is a divinely-given record of God's nature and will, of man's duty, and of the way of salvation; and this, I believe, is what Swedenborg claims. If he does not claim that, then it is hard to see how he can demand the faith of mankind. It is denied that "his characters all speak alike and are all Swedenborgs," which is simply a matter of critical opinion. Mr. Emerson, who is a careful critic, thinks that "all his figures speak one speech, all his interlocutors Swedenborgize. Be they who they may, to this complexion must they come at last. This Charon (the "reflection of the mind of the magnetizer," the writer,) "ferries them all over in his boat—kings, counselors, cavaliers, doctors, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Hans Sloane, King George III., Mohammed, or whosoever—and all gather one grimness of hue and style." good authorities agree with our correspondent in saying that "his spirits converse with a distinct individuality." This is purely a matter of critical opinion; but the other point objected to—that Swedenborg gives evidence of a "deranged balance," that his intellect was such as to present objects as though seen through "a cracked and distorted medium," so that they appear "absurd" and "incongruous"—this is a matter to be subjected to the arbitrament of right reason and common sense. Rational statements and evident truths recommend themselves immediately to the mind, without the aid of miracles to awaken faith; but, when a vast mass of the most astonishing assertions about things which the Bible teaches no man hath seen or can see is foisted upon the community, we have a right to demand that they shall be authenticated by some tangible evidences of their supernatural origin. And, when such are not given, men are at liberty to exercise such charity as they can in deciding whether the man is conscientious but crazy, or a rank impostor, like Mohammed or Joe Smith. I prefer to do the former. Declining further discussion of the subject, I am yours, etc.,

JOHN MARTIN RATCHET.

Book Table.

—*The Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812* (Harper & Brothers), by Benson J. Lossing, is a splendid volume, richly and lavishly illustrated. This work is an admirable sequel to Mr. Lossing's History of the Great Revolution. The author has himself visited and studied the principal scenes which he describes in this book. He has, as he informs us, "traveled more than ten thousand miles in this country and in the Canadas, with note-book and pencil in hand, visiting places of historic interest connected with the War of 1812, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, gathering up, recording, and delineating everything of special value not found in books illustrative of the subject, and making himself familiar with the topography and incidents of the battlefields of that war." Mr. Lossing is fairly entitled to say that he has told the history of the war in greater detail than can be found in any work hitherto published. He has conversed with many of the survivors of the struggle, and received from their lips information and illustrative anecdotes not previously told in print. We have spoken of this book as a sequel to the author's History of the Revolution, and this indeed it literally is. Mr. Lossing begins with an account of the perils surrounding the new and hardly formed nation after the close of the War of Independence, the utterly inefficient scheme of government provided by the Articles of Confederation, the ill-concealed jealousy and contempt felt by England toward the Republic, the difficulties with the French, the struggles with the alliance of British and Indians in the Northwest, and the gradual kindling of the quarrel to the history of which the great bulk of the volume is devoted. The story of the war is told clearly, minutely, and we think even English readers will admit impartially. Indeed, we should not wonder if some of his own people were to grumble a little at Mr. Lossing's exonerating Sir Edward Pakenham, the British commander in the attack on New Orleans, from the charge of having given to his soldiers the hint about "beauty and booty," which has since become almost as celebrated as the "Up, Guards, and at 'em" of Wellington. The book is interesting in style; and, although Mr. Lossing makes no attempt at the sort of description which has of late been christened "word-painting," yet his accounts of battles and sieges are always animated and stirring, and the personal memoirs with which the history is sprinkled whenever occasion requires are attractive and vivid. In every sense this work must be regarded as a very valuable addition to our historical literature.

—*Palmer's Sabbath School Songs*, by H. R. Palmer, author of "The Song Queen," etc., is published by Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago, and contains some truly excellent hymns and tunes for Sunday school service. "Coronation," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "One there is above all others," and many other such, can be sung and loved by children no less than by their elders; but under what religious head shall Longfellow's "Rainy Day" be classified, or for what devotional purpose is Bayard Taylor's "River of Time" adapted?

> "There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
> There are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
> There are trinkets and tresses of hair,
> There are fingers how taper and pulses how fair,
> And the garments that *she* used to wear."

True enough! and how delightfully original the happy thought to teach children to worship the Lord by this enumeration of lost treasures. Amongst other hymns of more or less merit, we observe that marvelous production of Robert Morris, LL. D.'s muse, to which attention has already been called in our columns:

> "Whene'er you see a school-boy who climbs the orchard fences,
> Or sneaks around the corner to steal the apple or quince,
> Tell him to halt," etc.

Concerning which the compiler says: "Although it has been the subject of slight criticism, it has attained a sudden and widespread popularity; and we insert it, deferring to the opinion of the people rather than to that of the critic." We also observe six long stanzas of "The Hebrew Children," which, since half-tipsy songsters used to troll it in the street, and remark that Daniel might be distinguished from the lions by the cotton umbrella, etc., may also be said to have "attained a sudden and widespread popularity." A Boston divine once caught his Sunday school in the act of shouting out this pleasant little ditty: and, if we remember aright, Dr. Adams peremptorily requested the school never again to salute his ears with that "abominable doggerel." Alas! for Chicago youth, whose poetic and religious tastes are subjected to the influence of such "widely popular" songs of devotion, and with whose musical propensities no doctor of divinity interferes.

—*The Three Bernices; or, Ansermo of the Crag*, is a novel, by Mrs. A. M. Bright, (Claxton & Remsen, Philadelphia), which, whatever else it may lack, certainly does not want ambition. Mrs. Bright attempts to construct a readable and life-like classical story—a story of the days of Titus and Vespasian. This is bold enough; but the authoress reconstructs history to suit herself as fearlessly as ever Virgil or Shakespeare or Schiller did, and frankly claims a right to do so. Nero's mother, for example, she revives, for the purpose of presenting her to us in her latest years as an interesting penitent and a Christian convert. Of course, as a work of art, this story is not a success. There is not a gleam of *vraisemblance* about its pictures of life and its reports of conversations. We have Roman names, and Roman costumes, and American men and women masquerading in them. It would take a dramatic capacity and an art infinitely higher than Mrs. Bright gives evidence of possessing to produce now a "classic" romance with any fiber of genuine reality in it. But, if the reader will put aside all these higher artistic considerations, and be content to take this merely as a story to amuse him, he will find it tolerably interesting. It is not dull anywhere; and to say that is to say something, when one remembers what an average story by an author of mediocre capacity is now likely to be. We certainly do not discern in the authoress of this book any evidences of a higher capacity; but it is only fair to remember that the writer who attempts such a task as she has ventured on is essaying a feat about as difficult and as useless as dancing in fetters or jumping in a sack.

—Prof. J. H. Pepper is connected with the Royal Polytechnic Institution of London, and has lately had made for it the most magnificent electro magnetic coil ever manufactured. He knows how to make brilliant experiments, and to "show off" the wonders of science. Before that he had made the "Ghost," which has been popular at theaters. We are not, then, surprised to find his *Cyclopedic Sciences Simplified* issued in a somewhat stunning style. As we first glance at it, we see a bright green cover, adorned with gilt and colors, gild edges, toned paper, and profuse and elegant illustrations. Looking more closely, we find that the book is not badly named. In its 685 closely-printed pages is found a cyclopedia of science. It would be difficult to find anywhere else a more complete collection of brilliant experiments in optics, acoustics, electricity, magnetism, etc. Chemistry is not treated at any length, though it has a few pages. It is a volume that will be prized by the young men with studious tastes, and which ought to be studied by all whose duty it is to prepare philosophical experiments for schools and colleges. Its statements and its philosophy, we judge, are usually correct; but it does not pretend to go into scientific minutiæ, so as to be a technical treatise. But it is none the worse or less suggestive for that. It is not difficult to see that it is written in England, and that its author is connected with the Polytechnic. Thus, the apparatus of the Polytechnic is constantly described, and an American inventor is scarcely ever mentioned. We really thought we should find Professor Morse's name connected with the electric telegraph. But no! Wheatstone's various contrivances fill a score of pages: and Morse is not mentioned, except in the title given to one diagram.

—*Free Trade and Protection* (Collins, Jayne st., Phila.,) is the title of a pamphlet by S. L. Fleishman. The author, we infer from his name and one or two occasional peculiarities of phraseology, is not a native of this country; but he writes English freely, forcibly, and, save for the rare exceptions we have noticed, idiomatically. Standing midway between the advocates of a prohibitory tariff and the free-traders, and advocating the addition of imposts on foreign goods just so far as to equalize the cost of home production, the author devotes the greater part of his able treatise to a reply to what he regards as the principal errors of the leading authorities on the free-trade side of the great controversy. Basiat is the author against whose arguments he chiefly directs his controversial power. We do not mean to enter into the question here—it would be hardly fair in this column to entrap our readers into a discussion on the Free Trade question; but we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Fleishman argues with great ability, and shows a very wide knowledge of the subject, practically and theoretically. He has likewise the great merit of candor. He always endeavors to do full justice to the arguments of his opponents, thereby following to the best of his power the example of Stuart Mill, who generally begins by stating the whole case of his antagonist much more clearly and forcibly than the antagonist could have stated it for himself.

—*The Autobiography of a Shaker* is the series of articles lately contributed by F. W. Evans to the *Atlantic Monthly*, collected into a volume and published by the author at Mount Lebanon, in this state. The book, however, is far less an autobiography of Mr. Evans, or even a history or exposition of the Shaker movement, than an examination of the Apocalypse with a view to cause the Shaker theory of spiritual and physical life from it. We own to being somewhat disappointed, therefore, with this so-called autobiography of a Shaker, because it has turned out to be so entirely different a thing from what we had expected to find. But, as the revelation, to a certain extent, of the views of a sect not less remarkable than any of the strange sects to which the yearnings and unsatisfied speculations of modern times have given birth, it is entitled to some consideration and ought to be read with interest. The reader, if he feels any concern in the subject at all, will readily overlook the want of constructive skill and the utter disdain of all literary attractiveness which he must observe, and will acknowledge that his time is not unprofitably spent in a study of this singular *melange* of argument and dream, dry shrewdness and *exalté* enthusiasm.

—*Sidney Elliott* (Claxton & Remsen, Philadelphia,) is a novel by M. D. Nauman. It is a story of a very good young woman and a very wicked young woman; the former, Sidney Elliott, being the heroine. The wicked young woman is one of those small, beautiful, golden-haired, green-eyed, bewitching, serpent-like creatures, of whom we think we have met at least one or two in recent fiction. This wicked young woman fascinates men in a dreadful way, and tries to do awful harm to the good young woman; but finally gets a convenient consumption, repents, confesses all her wicked plots, is forgiven, and dies charmingly. Then the heroine marries her constant but calamniated lover, and everything is happy. There is not one glimmer of a new idea, not one hint of a new character, in this feeble, innocent little story. It is a faint little echo, and nothing more.

—*Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands* is the name of a series of books for children, by Caroline H. Dall, the first number of which, "From Boston to Baltimore," we have received from Lee & Shepard, Boston. The book opens with "a preface for children who care to learn," straightforward and honest, which tells how the writer began to love and work for the colored people. The instruction which this preface contains should not be confined to children; and whoever reads it will find the animus of the whole book good, the style pleasant, and Patty Gray herself a winsome little dear; who will journey, we hope, both north and south, and preach many a sermon of peace and good-will before her wanderings are over.

—Henry Hoyt, Boston, publishes *John and the Demijohn*, a temperance tale, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, author of "Almost a Nun," etc. The aim of this book is evidently good, and the power of a fixed habit of intemperance is strongly drawn. But the story keeps too closely confined to its text to be very interesting, and there is a flavor of temperance slang about it which spoils it for our taste. Take, for example, the headings of a few chapters: "As much Demijohn as John can carry"; "As much Demijohn as John can stand with"; "John down under the Demijohn." But this blemish may seem a virtue in the eyes of "Young America," for whom it is evidently designed.

—*Anecdotes of the Wesleys*, by Rev. J. B. Wakeley, is published by Carleton & Lanahan, New York. These anecdotes illustrate felicitously the characters of Rev. Samuel Wesley, Sen.; his wife, Susannah; their sons, John and Charles; and, incidentally, the dispositions of the wives, children, and associates of these great apostles of Methodism. The book contains engravings of Charles Wesley, his father and mother, as well as considerable entertaining reading-matter.

—*Our Own Birds* (Lippincott) is a familiar natural history of the birds of the United States, by William L. Baily, intended chiefly to interest and instruct the young reader. It is a pleasant, entertaining little book, well illustrated; and in every way, as it seems to us, qualified to accomplish its modest purpose.

—*Love and Liberty* is a translation of a novel by Alexandre Dumas, which Messrs. Peterson publish. It is a story about the French Revolution, in which all the familiar old horrors and blood-sheddings make their appearance again in just the old style. There is nothing particularly remarkable about the story, except the blessed peculiarity, so rarely found in this author's works, that it seems to be complete in itself. It is not the sequel of any other sequel, nor is it to be followed by continuing tomes. That, at least, is something on which the reader may be congratulated.

—We have received *Clarke's New Method for Reed Organs* (Ditson & Co., Boston); *The Choral Tribute*, a collection of new church music for choirs, singing-schools, etc., by L. O. Emerson, (Ditson & Co.); *The Independent Third Reader*, by J. Madison Watson, (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago).

—We can hardly imagine a better book for young scholars than the *Parser and Analyzer for Beginners*, published by Harper & Brothers. It is rare that such a ripe scholar as Professor F. A. March, of Lafayette College, undertakes such a primary work. It is very prettily illustrated.

—*Bertie's Birth-day Present*, a simple, pleasant little story of the cultivation of patience and of silk-worms by two English children, is published by Henry Hoyt, Boston.

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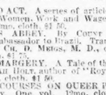

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The Farm and Garden.

TRANSPLANTING IN AUTUMN.

BY JNO. J. THOMAS.

The question is often asked, What is the best time in autumn to set out trees? Can we do it while the leaves are yet green, or wait till near winter, after they have all fallen? The answer may be, Do it whenever the work can be well done, and while the soil is in proper condition as to dryness for working properly. If done early, the leaves must be all first carefully stripped off, to prevent the rapid evaporation of moisture. We have known trees to have been entirely spoiled in a few hours by wilting, from carelessness in not removing the leaves when taken up. In the Northern States, nurserymen usually commence digging by the first of October. Some trees have entirely ceased growing by this time, including generally cherries, plums and standard pears. If the leaves are removed, they may now be taken up and transplanted, as well as at any time in autumn or the following spring. Others have not fully completed the ripening of the young wood, which is effected through the assistance of the leaves. The only harm done in taking them up at this time is in giving unmatured shoots on some parts of the trees, instead of those well ripened and hardened; and the result will be that some of the tips may be nipped by the frosts of winter, or they will not start in spring with so much certainty and vigor. Hardy kinds, such as the apple, will not be much injured in this way; and the peach, although tender, should be shortened back in spring in any case.

It will be safe, therefore, with a few exceptions, to take up trees any time after the first of October, care being taken to do the work well, as already indicated.

The soil should be in such condition as to be easily made fine and mellow, so that it may be filled in perfectly among the roots without having interstices. Staking against wind, or effecting the same purpose by a small mound of earth about the stem, should not be omitted.

We have never succeeded better than by taking up trees about mid-autumn, heeling them in by burying the roots and half the stems for wintering, and setting out early in spring. They, however, do quite as well set out in autumn, provided they are hardy sorts and the site is not a windy one. In heeling in for winter, it is absolutely essential to fill in all the interstices among the roots very compactly with fine earth. Many trees are needlessly lost by carelessness in this particular. The roots are injured by dryness or mouldiness, and the mice may find easy access among the cavities. To exclude mice effectually, the heeling ground should be clean, and a smooth mound of earth raised on all sides about the trees.

HOW TO USE MUCK.

The coming days of autumn will give farmers abundance of leisure time for attention to the manurial interests of their farms. Arrangements should be made to haul, with all the teams that can be spared, muck from the swamps, and prepare the same for composting in the barn-yard or stables during the winter. Every load of grass for working properly. If done early, the leaves must be all first carefully stripped off, to prevent the rapid evaporation of moisture. We have known trees to have been entirely spoiled in a few hours by wilting, from carelessness in not removing the leaves when taken up. In the Northern States, nurserymen usually commence digging by the first of October. Some trees have entirely ceased growing by this time, including generally cherries, plums and standard pears. If the leaves are removed, they may now be taken up and transplanted, as well as at any time in autumn or the following spring. Others have not fully completed the ripening of the young wood, which is effected through the assistance of the leaves. The only harm done in taking them up at this time is in giving unmatured shoots on some parts of the trees, instead of those well ripened and hardened; and the result will be that some of the tips may be nipped by the frosts of winter, or they will not start in spring with so much certainty and vigor. Hardy kinds, such as the apple, will not be much injured in this way; and the peach, although tender, should be shortened back in spring in any case.

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The drainings of the barn-yard, which careless farmers allow to waste away, or form in pools and either evaporate or run off, can be made into the most serviceable of all manures by using muck freely as an absorbent. We can hardly say how *far* it is profitable to haul the muck, but a mile is certainly within reasonable distance. The fall is to be preferred for carting, rather than the winter or spring; the roads being in better condition, and work done twice as easily and as fast, while other duties are not so pressing.

A correspondent lately wrote to the New York Farmers' Club to inquire if it would pay to dig and haul muck half a mile to the barn-yard, there compost it with stable manures, and transfer it thence "to a poor, sandy tenacre field, within twenty rods of the place from which the muck was taken, or would it be more advantageous to cart it to the field directly from the swamp?"

Mr. Ely replied: "My experience and penny-worth of observation commend the practice of leaving muck exposed to the cold winter. It is, I think, much better and more available as a composting material after having passed the freezing and thawing which such exposure insures."

Mr. Williams, of THE INDEPENDENT, said: "I [illegible] in this city, on the farm of our excellent friend, Dr. Hexamer. I learned that his custom is to mix muck and manure fresh in equal proportions, and let the compost remain for several months. The tillers of the soil at Milford, Conn., draw muck in summer and fall, and compost with fish-manure at once. Of course, it is best not to have the muck too wet."

Mr. Lyman, agricultural editor of the *Hearth and Home*, said: "In talking with farmers about the benefit they get from muck, I have only in one case seen positively fine results from the use of it when spread fresh from the swamp. One field I was shown where the crops were consciously better for years for a dressing of one hundred loads per acre from a swamp close by; but this was not muck exactly, but leaf-mould. Another farmer, as good as any in Connecticut—many would say the best—hauls his muck three miles, and mixes it with the droppings of his farm animals every day, summer and winter. Thus his stock of swamp-muck has the power of fixing this volatile part of excrements; at the same time the sourness is removed. He would advise Mr. Brown to haul his muck a mile, two, yes three miles for composting it, rather than apply it raw. He will find his account in so doing, for the free use of muck in his yard, about his drains, his roost, and his sty will kill all noisome smell, and remove what is frequently a nest for slow and lingering disease."

The *Toronto Telegraph* recommends strongly the use of what is known as the "*salt and lime mixture*" for just such purposes:

"This mixture is made by dissolving one bushel of salt in the least water possible, and then slacking with this three bushels of lime hot from the kiln. This is all the salt that can be used by this method to slack the lime. The most valuable lime is that made from burning oyster and clam-shells."

Another method, recommended by C. W. Johnson, is to mix one bushel of salt with two of lime, dress under cover, and allow it gradually to decompose and unite the chlorine of the salt with the lime.

It may be turned occasionally for two or three months, by which time it will be well united together.

Whatever way is taken to form the mixture, it should not be used immediately; but should remain incorporated at least six weeks, that the chemical union may be well formed.

The chemical changes that take place are: the chlorine of the salt is mostly set free, and probably slowly attracts carbonate of soda.

This mixture has a remarkable decomposing power; and, if you mix three or four bushels of it with a cord of swamp muck, leaves, or any vegetable matter, it will soon be reduced to a powder.

It is most excellent to mix with coarse manure, for the purpose of decomposing it and rendering it fine.

After the sour muck is decomposed by the salt and lime, it is then in ripe condition to be composted with barn-yard manure, and the compost becomes as valuable as the barn-yard manure alone.

Almost every farm has a supply of muck which might be turned into a valuable manure.

NOTES AND HINTS.

Look after your Lawns.—A good lawn, which will last for many years, says the Germantown *Telegraph*, can be made as follows:

"In the first place the ground must be well prepared for the seed by deep plowing, careful pulverization, and heavy manuring. Sow plentifully of the following seeds, mixed in equal proportions: rye, grass, blue-grass, and white clover. Then roll with a light roller, and harrowing will be unnecessary. Commence mowing the young grass when six inches high, not too closely, and continue to do so, if with a scythe, every two weeks, but if with a machine cutter, every eight or ten days. *Every other year* top-dress in autumn with a good coat of barn-yard manure, evenly spread.

"This is the only way to secure a smooth, velvety, dark-green lawn, one of the most charming objects about well-kept premises."

What a Mississippi Girl did on a Farm.—The following information is conveyed to us by a truthful and reliable gentleman, and should cause young men who complain of not being able to support themselves to blush all over their faces:

Miss Rebecca Cox, of Amite County, who graduated in June, 1867, returned home in January, 1868, hired a negro man, 70 years old, two of his daughters, and one boy, not old enough to plow. The net results of farming operations last year, paying expenses of place and hands, were 8 banks of potatoes, 600 bushels of corn, and $969 in cash from sale of cotton over expenses.

Now, will any young man say he can't make a living after this?—*Summit Times.*

A correspondent of the *N. E. Farmer* says:

"I often make use of ashes around my trees, certainly as often as once a year, and believe it to be of great benefit to them. But, like some of your other correspondents, I have learned not to apply it in contact with the bark of the trees, as they become moistened and form lye, often too strong for the growing wood. I generally use about one quart of ashes to a tree, scattering it around them as far as the roots are supposed to extend underneath. My large trees, in bearing ten or twelve years, receive an application of from six to eight quarts of unleached ashes to each tree, scattered in same manner. I never permit the ashes to lie upon the ground in any place more than one inch in depth."

Cultivation of Strawberry Plants.—The *Fruit Recorder* says:—"We have found the practice of running close to each row with a subsoil plow, immediately after bearing season, to work like a charm on the strawberry plants. By doing this, the ground is loosened to a good depth, so that the new, tender fibers and rootlets find easy access through the soil to a great depth, and are better prepared to yield a full crop the ensuing season. Work the soil as deep as possible after the crop is gathered, and follow it up with a thorough system of culture. Scatter well-rotted compost among the vines, and hoe them out occasionally with a fork-hoe; and our word for it you will get as fine a crop of fruit the second and third years as the first."

Blackberry Wine.—There is no wine equal to blackberry wine, when properly made, in flavor or for medicinal purposes; and all persons who can conveniently do so should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel complaint. Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask; to every gallon add two pounds of sugar; cork tight and let it stand till the following October; and you will have wine ready to use, without further labor, that every family will highly appreciate and never do without afterward, if they can help it.

The sunflower is very useful. Its leaves soon become large enough to be used as a covering for young cabbage and tomato plants. Its stem affords an excellent hop or bean-pole, and when dead in the fall, if cut up and kept dry, it answers well for kindling wood. The leaves can be plucked off through the summer without injury to the plant, and dried for fodder or fed green to milk cows or horses. Its seeds make a fine oil, or chicken feed. It is said to be an absorbent of malaria, and is often cultivated as a preventive of fevers near dwellings that occupy low places.

A Maine man gives his method of treating faulky horses as follows: "Let me inform human men and hostlers, and all who hold the rein, that the way to cure faulky horses is to take them from the carriage and whirl them rapidly round till they are giddy. It requires two men to accomplish this, one at the horse's tail. Don't let him step out. Hold him to the smallest possible circle. One dose will often cure him; two doses are final with the worst horse that ever refused to stir."

Farmers cannot manure more cheaply or successfully than by plowing down green clover. This is especially true with farms located so far away from cities or towns as to make the manures obtained from them expensive. A poor field of grass will not pay the expense of cutting it into hay; but may lay the foundation for a good crop of wheat, by plowing it down. It is not well to take everything that grows off of the soil, and to put nothing on.—*Farm Journal.*

A writer in the *N. E. Homestead* says the best and easiest way to exterminate dock, which is a pest, is to take a sharp hoe and give it a sliding stroke, so as to cut the dock just below the crown, and throw the crowns into a basket, and leave them in the traveled track of the highway, or any other place where they will not get a foothold in the ground, and the work is done.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* fed his pigs turnips from the first week in July to the last of September, giving them no other food. They did well, growing and keeping in fine condition. He does not believe in cooking white turnips. Steamed Swedes, with plenty of meal, are good; but not so good, he thinks, as potatoes.

The *Country Gentleman* says it has not yet met the farmer who could make enough manure to obviate the necessity of using clover as a fertilizer. It thinks manure spread on clover sod in the fall is the best preparation of ground for corn the following spring.

A man in Pennsylvania, in preparing rhubarb stalks for market, threw the leaves to his pigs. The next morning five out of nine were dead, three appeared convalescent, and one looked doubtful. They exhibited every symptom of poison.

A correspondent of the Utica *Herald* finds nothing equal, as a destroyer of lice on cattle, to a strong suds of soft soap and rain water, to which is added common salt. This is applied by rubbing thoroughly over the animal.

Many English farmers feed no hay to their work horses; but keep them in high working order with straw, roots, and shorts. The equivalent of twelve tons of hay can be produced on one acre in roots.

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PREMIUMS IN CASH entitled to CASH DIVIDENDS.
Premiums settled partly by LOANS ON INTEREST have balances
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STOCK OR NON-PARTICIPATING ASSURANCE, without dividends, on the best terms, and LOWER THAN IS OFFERED BY STOCK COMPANIES.
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NO POLICY IN THIS SOCIETY shall be forfeited, or become void by the non-payment of premium thereon.
PAID-UP POLICIES granted after one premium.
The MASSACHUSETTS LAW in full adopted by this Company, and applied whenever preferred by the assured. It grants an extension of the policy for the full amount until the net value is exhausted. Taus: Age 35. Premium $26 38. The holder is entitled without further payment to the following extra insurance,

When 24 payment is due and unpaid,	1 year	3 days.	
" 3d "	"	2 years	13 "
" 4th "	"	3 "	27 "
" 5th "	"	4 "	40 "

LOSSES promptly adjusted in CASH.
No extra rates for assurance of Women, or Officers of the Army, Navy, Steamships, or Railways.
All RECENT IMPROVEMENTS adopted, and all DESIRABLE CONCESSIONS to the assured made.
NO OTHER COMPANY OFFERS ALL THE FOREGOING ADVANTAGES.

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A business of nineteen years, characterized by prudence and economy, and the utmost care in the selection of risks, has placed this in a condition inferior to that of no other Company, and superior to the majority. No true standard by which to judge of a Company's strength is not the AMOUNT of its assets, but the RATIO OF ITS ASSETS TO ITS LIABILITIES.
We refer with pride and confidence to the following figures of the MAHATTAN as shown by official statements of New York and Massachusetts.

ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1869..... $5,293,341.
SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES:..... $1,664,210.
RATIO, $120 Assets for every $100 Liabilities.
RATIO OF EXPENSE TO RECEIPTS..... 13.26.

THE INTEREST RECEIVED FROM ITS INVESTMENTS MORE THAN PAYS ITS EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT.
The Dividends declared by the MAHATTAN are PROGRESSIVE and increase with the age of the Policy
The Company is paying some Sixty per cent. dividends this year. It offers the largest Bonus ever given by any Company in so short a time.
All Limited Payment and Endowment Policies are non-forfeiting after ONE PAYMENT. For instance, if payments cease on Ten-year Plan, paid-up Policies are issued for one-tenth of original Policy for each payment made, without equivocation or subterfuge.
We respectfully ask the attention of Insurers to the advantages offered by our Company.

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No. 251 Broadway.
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ALL APPROVED FORMS OF POLICIES ISSUED. LIBERAL MODES FOR THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.
The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Insured.
LAST RETURN OF PREMIUM FIFTY PER CENT.
The Premium and Dividend System of this Company combines the best features of all the modern plans of Life Insurance.
If the premium is paid ALL CASH, the dividends begin with the second annual premium and continue annually thereafter; they may be applied either to reduce the premium charged or to increase the amount insured.
Premiums may also be paid two-thirds in cash, the remaining one-third being endorsed as a Loan upon the policy.
NO NOTES ARE REQUIRED.
In this case dividends begin with the Fourth annual premium and continue annually, and are applied to cancel the Loans outstanding.

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Report of a Special Committee
CONSISTING OF THE
Hon. JOHN V. L. PRUYN, DAVID HOADLEY, Esq., Hon. OLIVER H. PALMER, Hon. HENRY E. DAVIES, and Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE,
upon the ASSETS, LIABILITIES, and MANAGEMENT of the
Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.
FREDERICK S. WINSTON President.
EMBRACING
A MATHEMATICAL VALUATION OF ITS LIABILITIES.
BY WILLIAM H. C. BARTLETT,
Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the United States Military Academy at West Point,
AND
A. E. CHURCH,
Professor of Mathematics in the United States Military Academy at West Point,
TOGETHER WITH LETTERS FROM
HON. WILLIAM BARNES,
Superintendent of the Insurance Department in the State of New York;

The above, published in pamphlet form for general circulation, may be procured at the offices of the Company, 144 and 146 Broadway, or from any of its Agents throughout the country. Replete with highly important information of interest to the public, these reports, emanating from men of unquestioned ability and position, should be universally read.

The following extracts are appended as explanatory of the purposes of the published Reports:

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, held at their office, in the City of New York, June 9th, 1869, it was, upon the suggestion of the President,

"*Resolved*, That Messrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, David Hoadley, O. H. Palmer, Henry E. Davies, and William E. Dodge be and are hereby appointed a committee to examine the assets of this Company, and the amount and character of the same, and also to ascertain its liabilities on its Policies, or otherwise, and report the result of such examination to this Board."

The Committee, believing it to be highly important to ascertain from the best authority within their reach whether the general basis on which the Company was transacting its business, and expected to meet its obligations in the future, was sound, adopted, on the sixteenth of June last, the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the President be requested to engage the services of Professors Bartlett and Church, of West Point, and also, if deemed advisable, those of any other mathematical professor of known ability and reputation, for the purpose of examining the general principles, and testing the accuracy of the valuations of the Life Insurance policies and other obligations issued by the Company, and the liability of the Company on such policies, in order that it may be determined by the highest professional ability, and with all the precision of which the subject is capable, what is the actual amount of all the outstanding liabilities of the Company, whether on policies, for annuities granted, or otherwise; and that the persons making such examination and valuation be requested to report, in writing, the result thereof to the President, for the use of this Committee, with such statements and explanations as they may deem proper."

An able and interesting elucidation of the underlying principle of assurance is given by Professors Bartlett and Church in the body of their Report. This portion alone will well repay perusal by all intelligent and thoughtful persons. The following brief extract partially indicates the manner in which the subject is handled.

There are no terms usually employed in stating the financial condition of an Insurance Company so likely to mislead as the words *Obligations* and *Assets*. They very often suggest to the minds of persons unacquainted with the principles of assurance the most erroneous conclusions; and engender doubt, anxiety, and prejudice in quarters where, if properly understood, they would produce confidence, repose, and wholesome conviction. For instance, the Company's obligations for policies in force, with additions for increased assurance, amount to more than *two hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars;* while your gross assets are represented to be little less than *thirty-two millions.*

A bald and naked statement like this seldom fails to produce, in minds ignorant of the facts that lie behind, not stated, a belief that the Company is bankrupt—hopelessly insolvent. But when it comes to be understood that these obligations and assets are not *simultaneous*—that is, that the obligations are *prospective*, and only mature gradually along the future, while the assets are *present*, and must grow during the same future to proportions commensurate with the maturing obligations—the question takes a new aspect; and what before promised only disaster now gives abundant assurance of safety.

To illustrate: if a person own a dollar to-day, he must, to be solvent, have a dollar to pay. His assets must equal his obligations: they are both present, and therefore simultaneous. If he must pay a dollar a year hence, and money is worth five per cent. per annum, he need only have to-day the fraction 0.952381, say 0.95 of a dollar; for this will earn enough to make up the dollar by the end of the year. Here his present assets are less than his future obligations, and he is solvent because, by the time of the required payment, the former will certainly grow to the dimensions of the latter; they are not simultaneous.

[Conclusion of the Report of the Professors.]

We are of opinion, after very careful and mature consideration, that the Mathematical principles which properly underlie the business of Life Assurance have been ably, judiciously, and conservatively applied in the operations of your Company; and that, so long as they shall continue to be thus applied, they cannot fail to produce results which must give you the strongest possible claim to public confidence.

Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

(Signed) WILLIAM H. C. BARTLETT,
Professor Nat. and Expl. Phy.
(Signed) A. E. CHURCH,
Professor Mathematics.

Two highly interesting letters from Superintendent Barnes are printed entire in this Report, from one of which, bearing date July 14th, 1869, we make the following extract:

Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn, *Chairman of Committee, etc.:*

My Dear Sir:—In reply to your communication, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the general management of the affairs of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York to be sound, discreet, and judicious. Indeed, no such institution as that which now surprises the actuaries and statisticians of two continents could have been built up under any other auspices. This Company has for many years been the representative Life Insurance Company of the United States; and with its success or failure the whole system in this country was intimately connected. Had this Company failed or been mismanaged, it would have injured every other similar institution. Its splendid success, unparalleled in the history of business in any country, has buoyed up and sustained scores of other companies, which have already entered on promising careers of success and usefulness.

I need not say to you, with your great knowledge and experience in financial and corporate affairs, that any attack on your Company is simply an attack on the whole business of Life Insurance.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
(Signed) WILLIAM BARNES.

The Report of the Committee terminates as follows:

We may say, we trust without presumption, that the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York presents, under Providence, the highest security of its kind which our Country can give; and that its honorable record thus far in its history may be received as an assurance of its integrity and good faith in the future.

The Committee consider it to be due to the officers of the Company to make a few remarks in reference to its management. However well we may theorize, sound business results must be worked out by faithful agents. The Committee are gratified to express their confidence in the fidelity and ability of the Vice-President and of the subordinate officers of the Company, and their appreciation of their attention and devotion to their respective duties. The ability of the Actuary has been so warmly spoken of in the report of Professors Bartlett and Church that no more need be said in regard to that officer.

In reference to the President, they desire to remark that, since his election to that office, he has devoted business talents and energies of a high order to its very responsible and laborious duties. For the last fifteen years he has annually been unanimously elected to the important place he holds. No one among us has more reason to be gratified with the progress and the success of his labors. He began his duties when the Company was in a feeble condition of childhood. Now, in its maturer days, he finds it, in the language of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, to be "the leading Life Insurance Company of the world."

This is, in a large measure, due to his able management and to his untiring devotion to its interests.

The result is the highest achievement he could have desired.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN A. L. PRUYN, *Chairman.*
WILLIAM E. DODGE,
HENRY E. DAVIES,
OLIVER H. PALMER,
DAVID HOADLEY,
Committee.

Office of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, July 21, 1869.

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PURELY MUTUAL

ISSUES EVERY APPROVED DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES on selected lives, returning all surplus earnings OVER THE ACTUAL COST OF INSURANCE EQUALLY AMONG THE INSURED. The stockholders receive legal interest only.

The Non-Forfeiture law adopted by this Company requires that all Life Insurance Policies shall be kept in force so long as there remains any surrender value; by which, for example, a party aged 35 is insured on Life plan as follows:

One Annual Premium continues Policy in force 2 years and 3 days.
Five Annual Premiums continues Policy in force 10 years and 50 days.
Endowment Policies continue in force as Life Insurance much longer, as the following examples show, viz.:

AGE 25, PAYABLE AT DEATH OR 45.
One Annual Premium continues Policy in force 4 years and 161 days.
Five Annual Premiums continue Policy in force 26 years and 166 days.

AGE 40, PAYABLE AT DEATH OR 55.
One Annual Premium continues Policy in force 4 years and 291 days.
Five Annual Premiums continue Policy in force 22 years and 114 days.

Six cents a day at the age of 25, or eight cents at the age of 40, will secure $1,000 Life Insurance.
One-third the premium may remain unpaid as a loan.
No notes required.
Thirty days' grace allowed in payment of Premiums.

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY INSURED WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
A special Guarantee Fund of **$100,000** deposited with the Insurance Department of New York.
No restriction upon residence or travel in any part of the world.
Insurance on a single life taken to the amount of **$20,000.**
The Company issues certificates, whenever desired, agreeing to purchase its policies at their surrender value, which, when accompanied by the policy duly transferred, are negotiable, and may be used as collateral security for loans.
No extra premium charged for occupation, except those of a peculiarly hazardous character.

LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY.

In fact, every good, equitable, and liberal feature of the best Life Companies has been adopted by the Great Western Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

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All Policies issued by the Commonwealth are incontestable from date of issue, and are free from restrictions on travel.
It permits Residence anywhere without extra charge, except between Latitude 33 North and the Tropic of Capricorn.
All Policies are non-forfeitable, and participate in the profits of the Company, unless otherwise specified.
Dividends are declared annually upon all Policies that have been in force a full year, and are available on payment of the next annual premium.

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This Company, having the most extensive and complete Silver Ware Factory in the world, and employing the best talent in designing, modeling, and finishing, are, with the aid of ingenious and labor-saving machinery, enabled to produce in large quantities, and at the lowest prices, goods beautiful in design and unsurpassed in finish, the fineness of which they guarantee to be of sterling purity, U. S. Mint assay. A certificate is issued with all articles in silver for the purpose of protecting purchasers from imitations of their designs.

They also continue to manufacture their well-known and unrivaled Nickel Silver Electro-Plated Ware, which will last twenty-five years with fair every-day usage.

Orders received from the Trade only; but these goods may be obtained from responsible dealers everywhere.

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ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,

No. 20 John Street, New York.

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In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

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No. 37 Fulton st., New York, is the best place to buy reliable WATCHES, fine DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, and SILVER WARE. *Diamonds Especially.*

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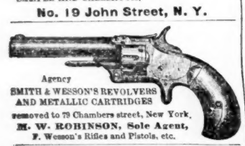

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Financial & Commercial.

THE PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

THE monthly reports of Secretary Boutwell in respect to the public debt continue to be highly satisfactory. The aggregate of this debt, including accrued interest, amounted on the 1st of July to $2,645,178,295. On the 1st of August it was $2,635,122,739. This shows a decrease, during July, to the amount of $10,055,556. The Sinking Fund, with its accrued interest, was $11,932,147, showing an increase since the 1st of July of $3,064,865. The other purchases of United States bonds amounted, with their accrued interest, to $15,110,590. The aggregate of the two items is $18,175,455. The total resources of coin, currency, and bonds in the Treasury were on the 1st of August $153,556,002. The actual debt, less the coin, currency, and bonds on hand, was $2,481,566,737.

Since the inauguration of the present administration, Mr. Boutwell has been reducing the public debt at the average rate of about $10,000,000 per month. If this rate be continued for a whole year, the reduction will amount to $120,000,000; and its continuance, on the same principles, for about fourteen years would wipe out the entire debt of the nation. Adding the interest saved to the surplus revenue of each year, and devoting the whole to the payment of the debt, we should, on the present basis of revenues and expenses, in 1883 pay the last dollar of the national indebtedness. The St. Louis *Democrat*, by an instructive tabular statement, has recently shown that this process, kept up at its present rate, would in less than fourteen years complete the entire work.

The surplus revenue of the Government for the current year, as estimated by the revenue and expenses of the last year, will exceed one hundred millions of dollars. The growth of population and the greater growth of business for the next ten years would double the revenue receipts of the Government on the existing basis of taxation. We thus see that the taxes to individuals might be gradually reduced to half of their present amount without lessening the revenue which the Government collects. In this way the debt might be paid in the next fourteen years, while the actual burden of taxation as borne by each person would become lighter and lighter every year. The growth of population and business provides for a very considerable decrease of taxation without any diminution of revenue.

Would it be wise to continue this policy, and thus place the whole load of paying the national debt upon the present generation? We think not. It will be much better to take a longer time for the work, and so shape the rate of taxation as to pay the debt in thirty or forty years. The Government ought soon to take measures for funding the Five Twenty Bonds at a lower rate of interest. We believe that this may be done at no distant day. To this add a reduction of internal taxes, so that the surplus revenue yearly applicable to the payment of the debt will be about fifty millions of dollars, and then the natural growth of population and business would progressively so lighten the taxes of the people that they would cease to feel them as a burden. Measures adapted to the procurement of these results are not only wise and just in themselves, but also a political necessity to the Republican party. *Reduction of taxation*, unless previously provided for by the party in power, is likely to be one of the popular demands of the next presidential election. Congress, at its next session, will have this whole question under review; and, as we doubt not, material changes will be made in our system of internal revenue. In the meantime, Secretary Boutwell is taking just the right course in preparing the way for lower rates of interest and less taxation. The credit of the Government has been greatly improved under his administration of the Treasury, while his policy has also served to give relief to the money market of New York. To the croakers and fault-finders we simply say, Wait till Congress, instructed by the progress of events, shall give the Secretary new laws to execute.

INTERNATIONAL MONEY.

SOME *common* monetary medium of international exchange—for the present existing mostly as a theory—is an idea which has forced itself into notice by the increasing intercourse of the nations of Europe with each other and with this country. The diversities in the names and value of the coins of different countries, and the consequent difficulty of turning the money of one country into that of another, and calculating prices with such different standards, are beginning to be seriously felt as an inconvenience which ought not to exist if it can be remedied. It is an embarrassment to commerce, a great nuisance to the traveler, and an essential advantage to no one. Naturally it raises the inquiry whether the money of these nations may not in some way be so *unified* as to have, at least to a certain extent, a common character and a common value among them all.

During the Paris Exhibition a conference was held for the consideration of this subject, over which Prince Napoleon presided and in which the principal countries of Europe were represented. The conference agreed to recommend the following propositions: first, that the governments of Europe and the United States should adopt a common base or unit in the issue of gold coins; secondly, that this unit should be of the same fineness and weight in all countries; thirdly, that the ultimate standard should be the gold standard, and not the double one of gold and silver; fourthly, that the decimal principle of subdivision should be adopted in respect to all other coins. These recommendations, if carried into effect, would give to each country at least one coin—and that, too, the monetary unit—that would be equivalent to at least one of the coins of all the others; and thus there would be a fixed point of identity and contact in the currencies of all of them. The minor coins, especially under the principle of decimal subdivision, would naturally assimilate in representative value, if not in names, by reason of their relation to the common monetary base or unit.

The monetary ideas and habits of Europe and this country make it obvious that no *paper* unit can be selected as the basis of international exchange. The material must be *metallic*; and unquestionably it must be gold, and not silver. This gold unit must pass as a coin of uniform value in all countries co-operating in the movement; and, in order to gain this end, it must have the same degree of fineness or gold purity, and precisely the same weight as ascertained by the same system of weights. So far as practicable, it should pass under a common denomination; and so also the other coinage of each country should be graded to it by some common principle. The decimal principle of subdivision in respect to other coins is undoubtedly the simplest and the best one.

It is manifest at sight that a small coin of low value will not as readily meet these requirements of a monetary unit as a large one of high value. The small coinage of a country is well suited to domestic use, but its representative value would not be large enough for the magnitude of international transactions. It strikes us, therefore, that the twenty-dollar gold piece, as suggested by Mr. E. H. Derby, is the proper international unit. It is neither too large nor too small. Let this country and the governments of Europe agree to place it at 30 grammes of pure gold and 3 grammes of alloy, and it would then be the easiest monetary unit for them all to adopt. It would be just equal to three Union crowns of Germany, with a slight difference equal to four doubloons of Spain, and equal to twenty-five roubles of Russia. French and English coinage would need some modification; and so also the twenty-dollar gold piece of this country would have to be slightly reduced in weight. The changes necessary to secure the benefits and conveniences of international money on the basis proposed would be less than on any other of which we can think; and hence, as we judge, this offers the greatest prospect of ultimate success.

Of course, the whole idea is beset with formidable difficulties, arising from the different existing coins of different countries, their different titles, and their different weights and degrees of gold purity, as well as from the influence of national prejudice and habit. The result cannot be gained in a moment; and it certainly cannot without mutual concessions on the part of the nations to be affected by it. Yet its advantages are so many and so manifest, and commend themselves so palpably to the convenience and interests of trading nations, that this monetary reform, either partial or complete, has a fair prospect of final success. Trading nations, especially in Europe and this country, will at last come to some common understanding and practice on this subject. That they should do so is one of the increasing necessities of modern society. The theory of national isolation is fast yielding to the unifying processes of commerce and travel; and nothing is more natural than that the medium of exchange should tend toward assimilation among trading nations.

INFLATION OF CORPORATE CAPITAL.

TWENTY-EIGHT railway companies, some of which figure largely at the New York Stock Exchange, have from the 1st of July, 1867, to the 1st of May, 1869, added $113,648,000 to their share capital, by the issue of new stock in the form of scrip dividends convertible into stock. Erie and New York Central are chargeable with more than half of this increase. Other roads are on the docket for the same process. The system of stock inflation has become a characteristic policy in the modern management of railroads. This increase of shares, of course, adds nothing to the real value or productive power of the property represented. It simply dilutes the existing stock by a greater number of shares. The company itself is not richer to the amount of a dollar.

The ostensible theory of the inflating process is that of increased value in the property; which, it is claimed, should be represented by a corresponding increase of share capital. We have serious doubts about this principle as a general law of finance. It opens the way for enormous speculative abuses. If universally applied, it would go far toward unsettling the stability and integrity of all corporate share capital. If inflation be a just consequence of an increase in the value of property represented by shares, then why is not a reduction of the nominal capital a legitimate measure when this value for any reason declines? We are of the opinion that there ought to be a well-understood and reliable *permanency* in the amount of corporate shares—not to be changed except for good reasons; and, above all, not to be kicked about for the mere purposes of speculation. On no other principle can the public deal in share capital with any degree of safety.

The profits of railroads on traffic and travel are a tax levied upon the public; and hence the public, by whose authority these franchises are granted, are vitally interested in the question whether new stock shall be issued, and in this way a new occasion be supplied for increasing this tax. The proper course to be pursued when a road is earning a surplus beyond the maximum dividend allowed by law, and beyond the expenses necessary to do the business and keep the road in a good condition, is not to issue new stock and still further tax the community to pay dividends upon such stock, but to reduce the fares. Stockholders ought to be satisfied with the dividends allowed by law on the basis of their original capital, and such further earnings as will suffice to keep the road in a suitable state of improvement and repair. There is no reason why these improvements out of the earnings of railroads, and hence the increased value of the roads, should be represented by the issue of new stock. The truth is, the public, besides paying the dividends on the original stock, have paid for these very improvements in railroad fares. The companies have been allowed a certain percentage on the capital originally invested, and also allowed to draw a surplus from the public to develop and improve the condition of their roads. This surplus thus invested does not in equity belong to the stockholders as accumulated capital; and is, hence, no basis for the issue of new stock. Such an issue for such a reason ought to be restrained by law.

We, moreover, suspect that this system of stock inflation is, for the most part, a game of speculative directors, who, being in the secret, make use of their knowledge to reap large profits from the operation. Eminently was this the case with Erie and New York Central. It is not long since the directors of the latter road were pleading with the legislature of this state for the privilege of increasing their passenger-fare, urging that the company could not afford to carry passengers at the existing rate. How does this harmonize with the fact that these same directors, in about one year afterward, without consulting the stockholders, without any public intimation of what they were about to do, and substantially in a secret session, have not only declared their usual cash dividend, but have also added a scrip dividend of 80 per cent., to represent, as they now affirm, the surplus invested earnings and increased value of the road? What, moreover, did these directors themselves do, in view of the proposed inflation which they had planned, and hence well understood? We venture to guess that, being in the secret, and anticipating a great rise in the old stock as the consequence of this dividend, they put themselves in a position to derive very large profits from the process. If the inner history of these stock inflations were fairly told, we believe that speculation in the interests of directors would appear as a very prominent feature in the whole movement. The extent to which this kind of speculation has been carried is justly a matter for serious consideration. It is time for the public to look into the question, and place railway companies under the needful restraints of wholesome law.

FIRST-CLASS BONDS.

CAPITALISTS, trustees, administrators, and others desiring to place money in a safe place, where dividends will be regularly and promptly paid, are invited to notice the advertisement of Messrs. George Opdyke & Co., highly respectable bankers of this city. They offer the first mortgage seven per cent. bonds of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, *principal and interest payable in gold*. Particulars were given in our last week's paper; but all the facts and figures in regard to these desirable bonds may be had in printed pamphlets on application to Messrs. Opdyke & Co. A. A. Low, George Opdyke, and Delos De Wolf—with a world-wide reputation for integrity and business talent—are the trustees of the mortgage. We regard these bonds as among the very best securities in the market.

MONEY MARKET.

CONTINUED abundance of money, with rates varying from 5 to 7 per cent., has been the rule for call loans during the week, notwithstanding an apparently unfavorable bank statement on Monday. Discounts have been easily obtained at bank, and commercial paper with a short time to run has been negotiable at from 8 to 10 per cent. But great caution is exercised in regard to time loans and long paper. The experience of the past three or four years has taught our money lenders and business men generally a prudent lesson in respect to the Fall movements of currency. The periodical demands in New York for money to move the cotton crops and corn crops are now so well understood that timely action will do a good deal toward preventing the recurrence of those terrible lockings-up of currency which have produced so many financial disasters. The condition of our banks show plainly that the drain of currency to the West has already commenced; but the effect has not yet been perceptible in anything approaching to a stringency. The Bank Statement shows the following changes:

Increase in Loans	$1,606,008
Decrease in Specie	1,049,456
Decrease in other Legal Tenders	1,396,745
Decrease in Deposits	1,367,367
Increase in Circulation	42,272

These items leave the banks with an excess over their legal reserve of gold and lawful paper of $20,745,677, which is a very favorable condition, though it is about $11,000,000 less than the banks held at this time last year.

It is possible that the recent action of the Grand Jury in regard to usurious loans, and the severe sentence pronounced by Judge Cardozo on some of the guilty usurers, may exert a restraining influence in preventing the payment of such inordinate rates of interest as our merchants had to submit to in the Spring.

Mr. Boutwell has gained the confidence of the business public by his discrete management of the national finances thus far; and it is not unreasonable to assume that he will not hereafter permit an accumulation of gold and currency in the Treasury to the disturbance of monetary affairs. If he should continue the sale of gold and the purchase of bonds as he has done, we shall avoid the violent fluctuations which our markets have undergone during the past four or five years.

The stock market has been feverish and unsettled during the week, and the "bears" have been in luck. Almost every speculative stock has shown a falling tendency except the Vanderbilt roads, which are still held in suspense by the uncertainty of the terms of consolidation between the Central and Hudson. But this uncertainty cannot last much longer, and the news of consolidation will come upon the stock market with a shock before long.

The Northwest stocks have declined about 3 per cent. on various rumors, in spite of large sales of "puts" at 90, and 89 for the common. The report of falling off to the extent of $12,000 in the receipts for the first week of August has a suspicious look by the side of the report of an increase to the same extent in the earnings of Rock Island.

It is instructive to compare the prices of the leading speculative stocks a year ago with the current rates at the commencement of the year. Northwest Common shows a rise of about 8 per cent. Pittsburg, of 20 per cent.; New York Central, 90 per cent.; Rock Island, 15 per cent.; Lake Shore, 25 per cent.; Hudson River, 35 per cent.; Fort Wayne, 45 per cent.; St. Paul Common, 10 per cent.; Pacific Mail shows a decline of 20 per cent.; Reading, a gain of 6 per cent.; U. S. 5.20s, 1862, are 12 per cent. higher, consolidated 5.20s 13 per cent. The 10.40s have advanced but 6 per cent. Gold is 13 per cent. lower, and the prevailing opinion seems to be that gold will fall considerably lower; it sold at 133½ on Tuesday.

Compared with the prices ruling at this time last year, most of the railway shares would seem exorbitantly high; but, looking at the dividends they make, at their earnings for the past year, and the prospect for the next year, they can hardly be considered as dangerously high.

The Supreme Court room presented a very remarkable appearance last week, when Judge Cardozo had ranged before him a long array of some of the most respectable bankers and business men of New York, who sat there in the prisoners' dock waiting for sentence to be pronounced upon them for a violation of the usury laws. Judge Cardozo is a Jew, and he was called upon to pronounce sentence upon Christian merchants for the crime of usury. It was a complete reversal of the old order of things. Among the culprits was at least one venerable looking disciple of George Fox, dressed in the strictest garb of his sect. The municipal judge did not exact the full conditions of the bond. He compounded with justice something less than the pound of flesh which might have been exacted. Two only of the criminals were sentenced to a very brief term of imprisonment in the city prison; the rest were simply fined. Let who will have been the instigator of these proceedings, or let his motives have been what they might, the course of the prosecuting officers and the judge are to be commended, and the result of their action will doubtless be good. The result may not be the breaking up of usurious practices by the money lenders of Wall Street; but it will serve as a wholesome restraint upon them to know that the rigors of the law may at any moment be enforced against them. And the next legislature may possibly be induced to abolish altogether the usury laws which now disgrace our statutes; and make money like all other commodities, to be dealt in according to the natural law of supply and demand.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

TO THE COMMERCIAL EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

OUR readers very well know that we have from the beginning taken a deep interest in the building of the Pacific Railroad, and we now take great pleasure in publishing the following from the highly respectable financial agents of that great corporation, showing how completely this magnificent enterprise has been carried through to the very end:

DEAR SIR:—The Pacific Railroad, so long the theme of conjecture, is a fact accomplished. Passengers, mails, and freight pass between New York and San Francisco with the same regularity, celerity, and convenience as between Boston and Washington; the Pacific coast has been effectually brought within the national railroad system. Considering the extent of the undertaking, the nature of the country to be traversed, the vast distances whence labor, supplies, and materials were drawn, together with the rapidity of its construction, it stands unrivaled among peaceful enterprises. Had fifteen years been occupied in the work, instead of five years, its completion would have been hailed as one of the grandest events in our national progress.

The rumors which for a while prevailed of the faulty character of portions of the work have been dissipated since the opening of the through line has afforded opportunity to thousands of examining it. Although barely three months have elapsed since the opening, the testimony is almost universal to the excellence of the road and to the energy of the companies in bringing it to the highest state of perfection in the shortest possible time. Railroads *grow* to perfection, and it may be safely asserted that the past affords no parallel to the rapidity of completion of either track, structures, or equipment of the Main Line of the Pacific Railroad. Especially is this true of that portion lying west of Salt Lake, owned and built by the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY; which stands to-day as solid finished and well-furnished as many of the oldest and most prominent lines in the country. In the words of the Government Commissioners, who but recently inspected the whole line, "we are satisfied that all has been done in good faith."

This splendid monument of the genius, skill, and energy of the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY is due in part, at least, to the efforts of those who aided us in securing the means, without which the enterprise must have halted. It is with peculiar pride, therefore, at this time, that we point to our oft-expressed expectations, which must have seemed sanguine, and to the glorious consummation of the work, as our vindication. From the beginning, we have had faith in the sagacity, vigor, and integrity of the company's operations; and we have the same faith in their wisdom and success in maintaining and operating their great road as they have shown in its construction.

We are gratified to be able to present conclusive evidence of the remunerative returns of the enterprise as a business investment, independently of the important national benefits and prestige to be derived from it. The business of the CENTRAL PACIFIC between Sacramento and Promontory Point, between which places it has been operated for the three months since the opening on the 10th of May, are (approximately) as follows, mainly in gold:

Gross Earnings.	*Operating Expenses.*	*Net Earnings.*
$1,703,350,	$920,341,	$783.009;

or a revenue of *over seven millions per annum, of which three millions are net profit*, available for interest payments. The aggregate of the annual interest payments for the past year was $994,010, and it is not probable they will be increased materially.

These figures have been attained, of course, while the facilities of the company were at their newest and crudest stage, and at the same time that a large amount of unproductive transportation was necessary. Both freight and passengers are increasing so rapidly that the company have made important reductions in the rates as fast as their facilities permitted them. They will adhere to the policy of encouraging the largest traffic consistent with the requirements of their obligations. The mineral deposits along the route of the road continue to attract attention and add to its local business; while the low prices and easy terms offered to emigrants must tend to increased settlement on the company's lands, which are of great value. We feel, indeed, that the business of the CENTRAL PACIFIC is in its infancy; and that its development to unexampled proportions in a very short period will be a new cause of astonishment. Yours respectfully,

FISK & HATCH.

NEW YORK, August 10th, 1869.

DRY GOODS.

THE anticipations so freely expressed that the large failure of Bowen, Beckman & Co. would be followed by a good many smaller ones have not been verified. That firm had to suspend from causes which were not likely to work to the disadvantage of other houses. They were the agents of manufacturers, and had made imprudent advances in order to control the business of certain woolen mills, which was the cause of their failure. The amount for which they were compelled to suspend was large; but it is said they will be able to pay seventy-five per cent. of their indebtedness.

The business of the past week has not been so large as many had hoped for, but it was by no means discouraging. The transactions in domestic cotton fabrics were fair for the season, but without any important change in rates.

Unbleached shirtings and sheetings remain without quotable change of price, though a few sales at second hand have been made at a small reduction on the manufacturers' rates; but they were not of sufficient extent to affect the market. The stock of brown goods in first hands is unusually small for the season.

There has been a rather better demand for bleached shirtings and sheetings, and prices are firmly maintained. Increased sales are confidently anticipated for the coming four weeks.

Printing-cloths in the gray are without any material change. The prices of prints do not offer much inducement to speculators in cloths.

The manufacturers' agents are now supplied with a more attractive assortment of new designs in prints, and the demand has been considerably increased, but prices have not undergone any material change.

Ginghams are in good demand, and the sales are on a more extensive scale than is usual at this season of the year. Prices are well kept up, and the stocks of leading makes are not allowed to accumulate.

Rolled jaconets and cambrics are selling moderately at the quoted rates; the demand is steady and prices without quotable variation.

In other descriptions of cotton fabrics there is no material change, the market is generally steady, and while the price of the raw material remains at the present high figure there is but small chance for a decline in the price of the manufactured article.

Woolens of every description are generally more active. The demand for woolen shawls, which was lively at the opening prices, continues. The styles of the present season are rather an improvement on those of last year, and a very encouraging advance may be noticed in our manufacture of these goods. The Watervliet shawls are becoming very popular.

There has been a more spirited demand for cloths and heavy coatings and cloakings than has been noticed before in some time, not only from the clothing manufacturers, but for general distribution among the trade.

Cassimeres and fancy satinets are in better demand. The opening prices of medium and fine fancy cassimeres are firmly sustained.

The importations of foreign dry goods, particularly of silk fabrics and dress goods continue large, and there has been an increased activity among purchasers. There have already been some large auction sales of fancy and staple goods, and a very large sale of linens. The salesrooms have been well attended, and a good deal of animation has been manifested among buyers. The heaviest amount of goods entered for consumption is in silk fabrics.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—We have had a good degree of activity in our market for Western and State Flour the past week, but in prices there has been considerable variableness. We have had a good demand for No. 2 and Superfine. Prices are much higher, and close with an upward tendency. Flour has been in fair demand, has improved, and is quite scarce. The exports of the week are 42,000 bbls.; including 20,537 to Europe, 18,907 bbls. to South America, and 2,556 bbls. to the British Provinces, and for the corresponding week last year 18,971 bbls. At the close the market is less active and prices irregular. The low grades are irregular and close tame, and the medium and higher grades dull and heavy. California and Oregon Flour closes steady, with a good demand. Southern Flour also closes in better request and steady. Rye Flour is firm and in fair demand. The Wheat market early in the week was excited, active, and buoyant; but later the demand greatly abated, the advance in freights and decline in gold inducing shippers to operate sparingly and only to complete freight engagements, and since then a further decline has been submitted to. The exports of the week are 502,514 bushels, against none the corresponding week last year. At the close the market is irregular, but most grades are firmer. Oats have been greatly depressed and have rapidly declined. Corn has been in good demand for the local and Eastern trade, and prices have again rapidly improved, with a slight variableness. Closing active and strong.

COAL.—The inquiry is light for Foreign, and prices are unsettled. Domestic is held higher, and the market has been fairly active but unsettled at $8 50@$9 for cargoes and $9 50@$10 25 per ton from yard.

BROOM CORN.—The demand is light, but holders are firm. The stock is moderate. Sales of old Red and Green at 10@22 cts. New is not offered to any extent.

COFFEE.—There has been a very good demand for Brazil grades, mainly from the jobbing trade operating to meet a call from Western buyers, who were anxious to take advantage of the low cost of transportation and lay in as large a stock as their wants were likely to require. Prices have not advanced, but are naturally quite firm. Other kinds steady but quiet. We quote at 9½@11¼ cts. for fair to good cargoes Rio in bond; 13¾@17¾ cts. for do. duty paid; 23@25 cts. for Java; 16¾@19½ cts. for Maracaibo; and 16½@18½ cts. for Laguayra —all gold.

COTTON.—There has been a very good business doing from day to day; and, as compared with the supply, the aggregate of sales is liberal. Speculators have operated with rather more freedom, but the largest amounts were still credited to exporters and spinners. On the upper qualities prices have without actual change ruled firm; but the low grades, which were most sought after, steadily advanced. There has been an entire absence of pressure, but fair offerings throughout. For future delivery the demand has been active on foreign orders at higher prices, the latest sales for December standing at 27 cts. Crop reports from all sections are favorable. The market closes quiet at 33½ cts. for Middling Uplands to 34@34½ cts. for do. New Orleans and Texas.

FLAX.—The market is quiet but firm at 16@26 cts. for Common to Choice. The new crop promises to be an excellent one.

GINSENG.—A moderate business passing in Western and Southern at 85@90 cts. per pound.

GUANO.—The inquiry is good for Peruvian, and the market is firm at $84 per ton currency, $60 gold.

MOLASSES.—There has been rather more animation in boiling and refining grades, and prices are firmer; but the extreme views of holders now check business, and the close is quiet. We quote Cuba Clayed at 45@49 cts., Cuba Muscovado at 48@60 cts., Porto Rico 50@78 cts., English Island 45@65 cts., and New Orleans 80@95 cts.

OIL CAKE.—Only a limited demand for Western at $50 per ton currency, and $40@43 gold for City.

OIL MEAL is in moderate demand and is not plenty. $2.60 @ $2.65 per 100 lbs. cash.

PROVISIONS.—The general market for Hog products has been fairly active during the week, and a strong tone has prevailed, many of the leading articles showing a very decided improvement. The call has been mainly from foreign shippers, and in some cases they were unable to find goods to supply their wants. For Mess Pork there has been a very slow market, and scarcely any fixed price, owing to the absence of wholesale transactions. Buyers did not appear to want any stock, and sellers had no desire to realize; and each appeared to be waiting some movement from the opposing interest. At the close the feeling is nominal at $33@33 12½, cash and regular. For future delivery trade has been light, the closing rate mentioned standing $33 37½, buyer balance August. Prime cuts have met with a light jobbing demand at $27 75@28 for Prime, $28 25@28 50 for Extra Prime, $30 75@31 for Rumps, $30@30 50 for Western Prime Mess, and $33 for City Mess. Beef is in steady jobbing demand at former rates. We quote at $5@$12 for Plain Mess and $12@$17 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef neglected and nominal. Beef Hams selling slowly at $26@$30 per bbl. Cut Meats have been in demand, and as active as the supply would admit of, with full prices realized. Shoulders worth 14½@15 cts. in dry salt and pickle. Hams 18½@19 cts. in pickle and 20@22½c. In tight tierces and canvas. Bacon has sold freely to English exporters, and the market now contains few if any desirable parcels. Prices are higher and firmer at 16¾@17 cts. for Ice-house cured. Lard has been more active, the inquiry in part for the European market, for which selections were made from both Western City and Refined stock. Prices higher on all grades, but the market closes weak at 18@18½c for No. 1, 19@19½c for Prime City, 19½@20 for Western Steam, and 20@20½c for Kettle-rendered. For future delivery sellers are willing to operate at 20@20½ cts.

SEEDS.—A limited business passing in Clover Seed at 13½@14¼. Timothy Seed is quiet at $3 35@$3 37½. Rough Flax is quiet at $2 50@$2 60. The new crop is well spoken of.

SUGAR.—Raws have been in very good demand from both refiners and the trade, and prices are better, though the stock is not enough reduced as yet to admit of any decided advance. The offerings are fair. We quote at 11⅞@11¾ cts. for fair to good Refining; 12½@12⅝ cts. for fair to good Grocery; 12⅞@13⅛ cts. for No. 12 box Dutch Standard. Refined are dull but steady at 15⅝@16 for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed.

TALLOW.—The demand has been good, but with limited offerings prices are firm. Sale of 670,000 lbs. at 11¾@12⅝ for Country, and 12¼ and 12⅝ for City.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUG. 17, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra	15¾@16	15¾@16
First quality	13¾@15¾	15¾@15¾
Second quality	14 @15	14¾@15
Third quality	12 @13¾	12 @14
Inferior	10 @11¾	10 @12
Average of all sales about	— @14¾	— @14¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	$70@$100	$70@$110
Good	70@ 85	70@ 85
Fair	50@ 65	50@ 65
Inferior and Common	40@ 50	40@ 50

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra and Choice	11 @11½	11 @11½
Good	8 @10	8 @10
Unsacrificed	6@8	6@7
Inferior	4 @6	4 @6

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice, per lb.	7 @7¾	7 @7¾
Extra	6½@6¾	6½@6¾
Good	5¾@6	5 @6
Fair	4¾@5	4½@4¾
Common	4 @4¼	3½@4
Inferior lambs	5 @6	6 @10
Good	7 @8	7 @8
Common to Fair	5½@6 6¾	5½@6 6¾

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed	10 @10½	12½@12¾

GENERAL REMARKS.

Under a large supply of Beef Cattle and a falling off in the demand buyers have had the advantage throughout the week, and prices show a slight decline, though only on the medium and poor qualities. Milch Cows are without change, trade is dull. Veal Calves sold more freely and prices advanced. Sheep early in the week were active and firm, but later trade was dull and prices declined. Lambs are in better supply; heavy. Swine are without change.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Aug. 17, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in New York markets. It is confidently believed that this record is worth to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W.	13	Lowell	12½
Merrimack, D	13½	Wamsutta	16
Cocheco, Ex	14	Victory	10
Spragues	15¾	Wauregan	11½
Pacific	15¾	Arnold	12
American	13	Hamilton	13¾
Dunnells	15¾	Richmond	12
Allens	15	Gloucester	13
Manchester	12¾	Mourning	12½
Nasaus	12¾	Lancaster	13¾
Amoskeag	13¾	Oriental	12¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	13½
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	12¾
Caledonia	14	Glasgow	16

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14½	Pepperell, F	16½
Lawrence, D	16½	" O	14½
" F	14½	" O	13¾
" H	13	" N	12¾
Pacific, Extra	14	" L	12¾
" H	13	Boot, S	14¾
Atlantic, A	17	" O	12¾
" P	15¾	" H	11¾
" D	14¾	" R	11
" H	13¾	Appleton, A	16½
Shawmut, X	14½	Laconia, H	16¾
Augusta, D	13	" D	15
Stark, A	16¾	" O	13½
Mass, Cabot	15	Lyman, E	14½
" BB	14	" D	13½
Indian Head	13¾	" O	12½
Exeter, A	13¾	Utica	23
" S	13	Tremont, C	13
Medford	13¾	Ingua Orchard, A	15¾
Augusta	13¾	" C	14
"	13¾	" BB	13
Gilbon	13¾	" W	12
Pittsfield, A	12¾	Great Falls, H	15
Saugatuck	12¾	" M	13
Everett, AA	14¾	" S	12
Bedford, R	13	Cabot, A	15¾
Pocasset	13¾	" W	14
" K	12½	Dwight, A	13
Wamsutta	16	" S	10¾

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	26